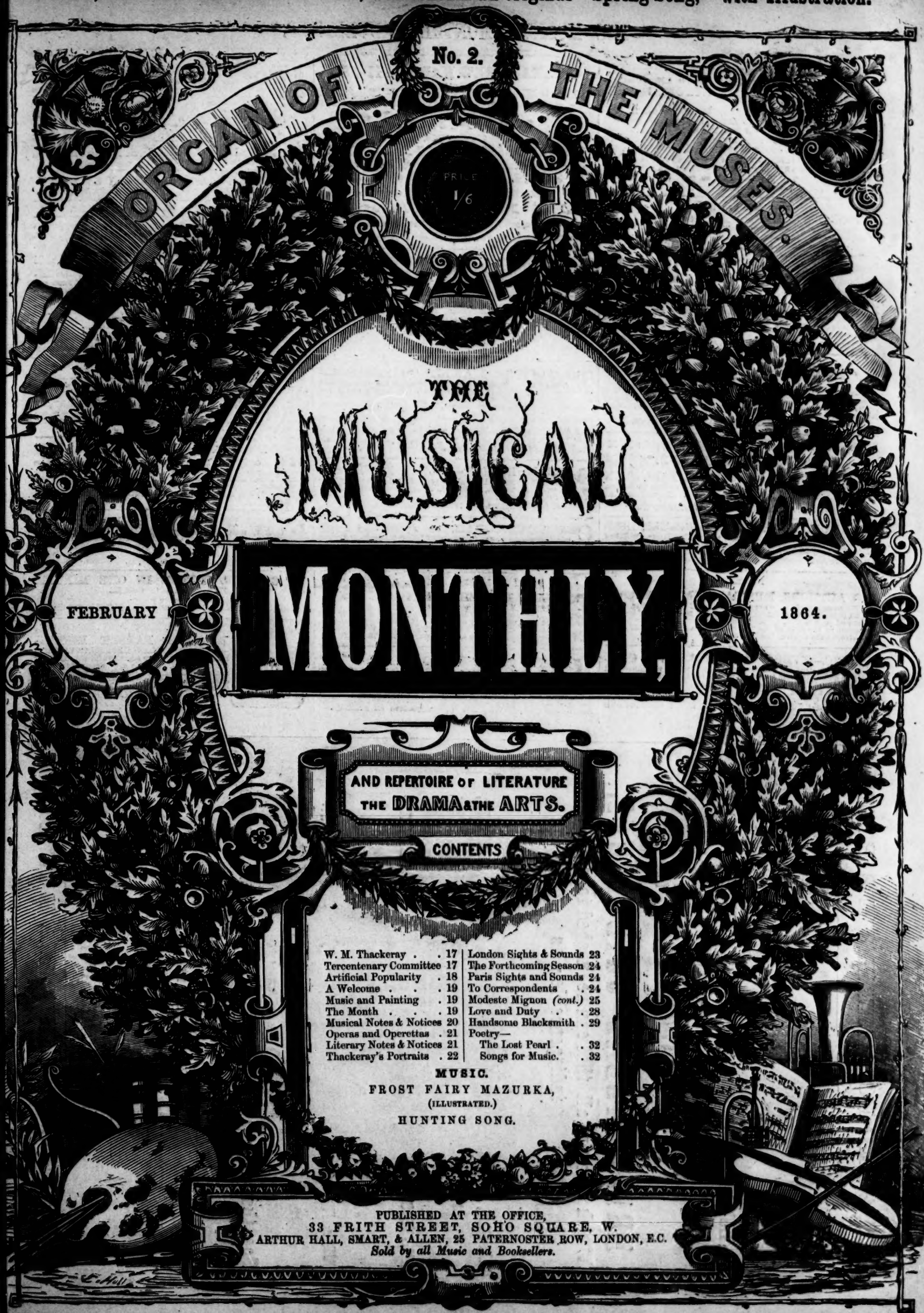


No. 3, Published on the 1st of March, will contain an original "Spring Song," with Illustration.



No. 2.

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THE MUSICAL

FEBRUARY

1864.

MONTHLY

AND REPERTOIRE OF LITERATURE  
THE DRAMA & THE ARTS.

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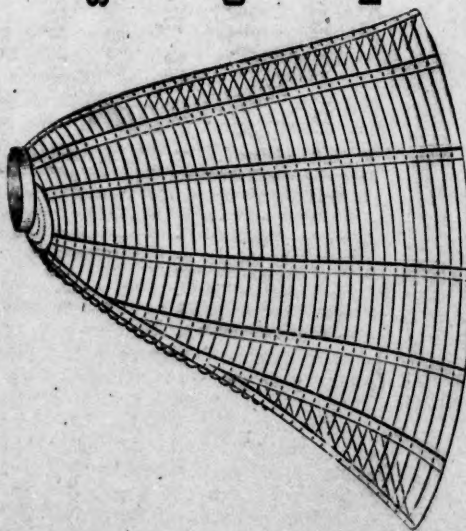
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FEBRUARY 1st, 1864.

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## Editorials.

### WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

SUDDENLY, and with scant warning, has departed from us one of the grandest souls of our epoch. England's constellation of authors has lost one of its brightest stars. Not as when a meteor falls from the sky, and leaves an undistinguishable void, but as if a familiar and primary planet had been lost from the solar system, is the death of WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Reader, are you weary, not of the subject, but of its frequent discussion by the pens of many writers? Mayhap, it can scarcely be otherwise, when every man who wields the pen of journalism has lately added his quota to a general, sincere, and profound lament. Well for the age that chants such a requiem over the corpse of a great and good man—that recognises the heroism of the pen as no other age has done! Three centuries have elapsed—ten generations have followed each other to the tomb—ere the greatest author the world has produced could obtain such a general, national, choral acknowledgment of his worth. Even now the country's memorial to SHAKESPEARE may be bungled; but that to THACKERAY, is it not created on the pages of all our journals—synchronous, sympathetic, general, and genuine, in a manner never surpassed, seldom equalled? If not even for the sake of him we have lost, yet for our own, we ask the privilege of recording our grief, our appreciation, our condolence with a nation's mourning.

And what was THACKERAY, that his death should be thus deplored? We answer shortly—to the public, a gifted instructor of his age; to those who enjoyed his intimacy, a genial and warm-hearted friend; to struggling genius, or toiling talent, a ready sympathizer and a liberal helper. Never a cynic, as he has often been thought by those whom the cap of his satire fitted too closely. His censure was ever in reproof, not in condemnation. The fire of his sarcasm burned in order to purify, not to destroy. Unlike the satirists of old, his mission was not to invoke the flames of heaven upon a guilty city; for with guilt in all its hard intensity he dealt not. Of our more venial faults, foibles, and follies, he was a persistent chastiser, and did more good by his ridicule than have the many enunciators of more acceptable, but less healthy sentiments. And who will say that his writings ever did harm? He was the physician, who gave us wholesome, if sometimes bitter draughts; not the confectioner, pleasing the palate with sweets infected with poison.

Of THACKERAY's works we will not attempt a review. It might appear an anachronism in so young a journal to indulge in a critical retrospect of his literary career, not yet historical. This consideration might not, however, have deterred us from the task, had it not been one of supererogation. Who has not read and appreciated *Vanity Fair*, *The Newcomes*, *Henry Esmond*, *Pendennis*, *The Virginians*? These are his chief known works; but many shorter, although otherwise

scarcely minor, productions have enchained the attention of thousands. Not until we have a collected, complete, and, as it were, in *memoriam* edition of his various writings, shall we understand the full loss we have sustained in this fine intellect stricken down in all its vigour. Yes, stricken down in the silence of the night, with no friendly watchers to cheer the cold passage of the river of death. Peaceful we hope, we trust—nay, we entirely believe, that passage has been. But however calm to him, it appears sad to us—sad that his noble spirit should take its flight from those he loved, and who loved him so well, in loneliness as complete as that of a solitary traveller perishing in the desert. It would appear that this gifted son of genius was probably not consciously present at his own supreme moment, and experienced not the dread feeling of being utterly alone at the last; but, no doubt, the manner of his transition has made our sympathy, if not more general, more intense. We experience a sense of desolation in not having taken the last leave of a public friend even by deputy—more for ourselves than for him. We would fain have caught the last words of wisdom from his lips, and have treasured them as a talisman in our hearts.

Born in 1811, at Calcutta, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was the son of a gentleman in the East India Company's civil service, and the grandson of a clergyman. The seat of his family was in Yorkshire, and among his progenitors was Dr. THACKERAY, some time Head Master of Harrow. His mother was of Welsh descent; so that in himself he united two fractions of British nationality, and afforded a brilliant support to that theory which predicates excellence from commixture of the races of men. Transferred early to England, his youth was spent at the Charterhouse, and his studies were continued at Cambridge, where, however, he took no degree. When his education was completed, he travelled upon the Continent as a student of art, having then no intention of devoting himself to authorship; but, as often happens, while studying for one profession, he acquired materials for proficiency in another, and the only real memento that we have of these days are the literary sketches to which they gave birth. He began life with a fair fortune, but eventually the loss of his means compelled him to work, and as a contributor to *The Examiner*, *Fraser*, and other periodicals, he soon acquired competence, if not fame. To *Punch*, in its best days—the days of Jerrold and A'Beckett—he contributed not only in literature, but many artistic sketches, from a chief engraving to a never insignificant initial letter. But had he been a mere journalist, of whatever talent, the grief of his friends would now have found little echo in the great heart of the public; for such is the fate of periodical anonymous writers. It was only his great known works that gave him that large place in the mind of the nation which now appears so empty. By the publication of *Vanity Fair* in monthly parts, during 1846, Mr. THACKERAY first acquired national fame as an author—a fame which steadily increased, until now, at his decease, it has

culminated in that species of worship which men offer to the highest genius.

Eventually Mr. THACKERAY became, as is well known, the editor of *The Cornhill Magazine*. And here we may pause to inquire whether it is expedient—whether it is right, that men of his stamp should be thus chained to the editorial car. Not so much the faculty of productiveness as of appreciation is required in an editor; and this may be fully possessed by a man of mere talent, taste, and education. We doubt the necessity or utility of enthraling the greatest minds with the petty details involved in the editing of a periodical. None but those who have suffered can describe the wearisomeness of an editor's daily correspondence. There is nothing but the ludicrous—too often sadly ludicrous—feature in the picture to relieve it. We think that such men as THACKERAY were born rather to be as the free winds of heaven which impel, than as the stolid helm which guides the vessel. Haply, if THACKERAY had not been an editor, he might have been still an honoured contributor. We are forced to these reflections; for who shall say how much the world has lost by the non-completion of that story, the plot of which is now buried in THACKERAY's grave. There is a melancholy interest in the fact of those early chapters of a new tale, carried in their author's pocket for the view of his friends, and exhibited with ingenuous pride—and the subsequent unexpected death of that author, leaving his tale untold.

On the 24th of December, THACKERAY fell asleep, meeting tranquilly a death then little expected by himself or his friends. In the full vigour of his intellect, seemingly still capable of much, but having performed enough for one man's fame, he passed away. The talents he held in trust had been faithfully and well employed: great by nature, he proved his greatness by his labours, and left in his works a lasting monument to his memory.

### THE TERCENTENARY COMMITTEE.

SHALL we, after all, have in the metropolis a monument worthy of SHAKESPEARE? Many men begin to doubt this, and of those who doubt certainly only a small minority question the issue in this case from cynicism or indifference. Few Englishmen, of taste and education, can be indifferent to the honour of SHAKESPEARE, the one name in our literature which will always make it tower gigantically above all others, ancient or modern. Yet we find many Englishmen, of undoubted taste and education, indifferent or dubious in respect to the result of the Tercentenary Committee's labours. And—to simulate a Gallicism while we also intend good English—they have reason.

While so many nations are stagnant from the lack of constitutionalism, as soils that require drainage, we seem to be carrying our pet theory too far, and shall be draining water-cress grounds by-and-by. The political theorem upon which our constitution is founded has long ago been imported into the government of our ordinary charitable and





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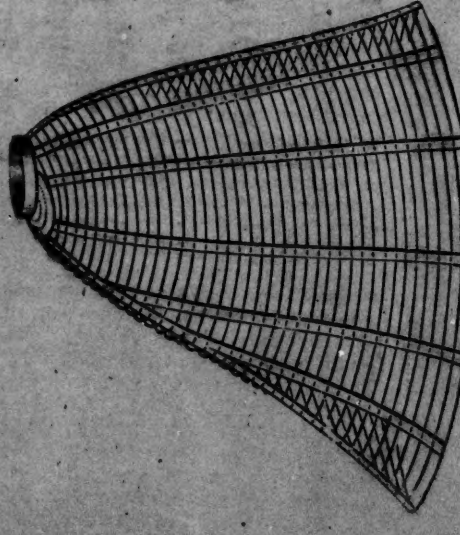
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# THE MUSICAL MONTHLY,

A REPERTOIRE OF LITERATURE

THE DRAMA AND THE ARTS

ORGAN OF THE MUSES.

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## Editorials.

### WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

SUDDENLY, and with scant warning, has departed from us one of the grandest souls of our epoch. England's constellation of authors has lost one of its brightest stars. Not as when a meteor falls from the sky, and leaves an undistinguishable void, but as if a familiar and primary planet had been lost from the solar system, is the death of WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Reader, are you weary, not of the subject, but of its frequent discussion by the pens of many writers? Mayhap, it can scarcely be otherwise, when every man who wields the pen of journalism has lately added his quota to a general, sincere, and profound lament. Well for the age that chants such a requiem over the corpse of a great and good man—that recognises the heroism of the pen as no other age has done! Three centuries have elapsed—ten generations have followed each other to the tomb—are the greatest author the world has produced could obtain such a general, national, choral acknowledgment of his worth. Even now the country's memorial to SHAKESPEARE may be bungled; but that to THACKERAY, is it not created on the pages of all our journals—synchronous, sympathetic, general, and genuine, in a manner never surpassed, seldom equalled? If not even for the sake of him we have lost, yet for our own, we ask the privilege of recording our grief, our appreciation, our condolence with a nation's mourning.

And what was THACKERAY, that his death should be thus deplored? We answer shortly—to the public, a gifted instructor of his age; to those who enjoyed his intimacy, a genial and warm-hearted friend; to struggling genius, or toiling talent, a ready sympathizer and a liberal helper. Never a cynic, as he has often been thought by those whom the cap of his satire fitted too closely. His censure was ever in reproof, not in condemnation. The fire of his sarcasm burned in order to purify, not to destroy. Unlike the satirists of old, his mission was not to invoke the flames of heaven upon a guilty city; for with guilt in all its hard intensity he dealt not. Of our more venial faults, foibles, and follies, he was a persistent chastiser, and did more good by his ridicule than have the many enunciators of more acceptable, but less healthy sentiments. And who will say that his writings ever did harm? He was the physician, who gave us wholesome, if sometimes bitter draughts; not the confectioner, pleasing the palate with sweets infected with poison.

Of THACKERAY's works we will not attempt a review. It might appear an anachronism in so young a journal to indulge in a critical retrospect of his literary career, not yet historical. This consideration might not, however, have deterred us from the task, had it not been one of supererogation. Who has not read and appreciated *Vanity Fair*, *The Newcomes*, *Henry Esmond*, *Pendennis*, *The Virginians*? These are his chief known works; but many shorter, although otherwise

scarcely minor, productions have enchained the attention of thousands. Not until we have a collected, complete, and, as it were, in *memoriam* edition of his various writings, shall we understand the full loss we have sustained in this fine intellect stricken down in all its vigour. Yes, stricken down in the silence of the night, with no friendly watchers to cheer the cold passage of the river of death. Peaceful we hope, we trust—nay, we entirely believe, that passage has been. But however calm to him, it appears sad to us—sad that his noble spirit should take its flight from those he loved, and who loved him so well, in loneliness as complete as that of a solitary traveller perishing in the desert. It would appear that this gifted son of genius was probably not consciously present at his own supreme moment, and experienced not the dread feeling of being utterly alone at the last; but, no doubt, the manner of his transition has made our sympathy, if not more general, more intense. We experience a sense of desolation in not having taken the last leave of a public friend even by deputy—more for ourselves than for him. We would fain have caught the last words of wisdom from his lips, and have treasured them as a talisman in our hearts.

Born in 1811, at Calcutta, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was the son of a gentleman in the East India Company's civil service, and the grandson of a clergyman. The seat of his family was in Yorkshire, and among his progenitors was Dr. THACKERAY, some time Head Master of Harrow. His mother was of Welsh descent; so that in himself he united two fractions of British nationality, and afforded a brilliant support to that theory which predicates excellence from commixture of the races of men. Transferred early to England, his youth was spent at the Charterhouse, and his studies were continued at Cambridge, where, however, he took no degree. When his education was completed, he travelled upon the Continent as a student of art, having then no intention of devoting himself to authorship; but, as often happens, while studying for one profession, he acquired materials for proficiency in another, and the only real memento that we have of these days are the literary sketches to which they gave birth. He began life with a fair fortune, but eventually the loss of his means compelled him to work, and as a contributor to *The Examiner*, *Fraser*, and other periodicals, he soon acquired competence, if not fame. To *Punch*, in its best days—the days of Jerrold and A'Beckett—he contributed not only in literature, but many artistic sketches, from a chief engraving to a never insignificant initial letter. But had he been a mere journalist, of whatever talent, the grief of his friends would now have found little echo in the great heart of the public; for such is the fate of periodical anonymous writers. It was only his great known works that gave him that large place in the mind of the nation which now appears so empty. By the publication of *Vanity Fair* in monthly parts, during 1846, Mr. THACKERAY first acquired national fame as an author—a fame which steadily increased, until, at his decease, it has

culminated in that species of worship which men offer to the highest genius.

Eventually Mr. THACKERAY became, as is well known, the editor of *The Cornhill Magazine*. And here we may pause to inquire whether it is expedient—whether it is right, that men of his stamp should be thus chained to the editorial car. Not so much the faculty of productiveness as of appreciation is required in an editor; and this may be fully possessed by a man of mere talent, taste, and education. We doubt the necessity or utility of enthralling the greatest minds with the petty details involved in the editing of a periodical. None but those who have suffered can describe the wearisomeness of an editor's daily correspondence. There is nothing but the ludicrous—too often sadly ludicrous—feature in the picture to relieve it. We think that such men as THACKERAY were born rather to be as the free winds of heaven which impel, than as the stolid helm which guides the vessel. Haply, if THACKERAY had not been an editor, he might have been still an honoured contributor. We are forced to these reflections; for who shall say how much the world has lost by the non-completion of that story, the plot of which is now buried in THACKERAY's grave. There is a melancholy interest in the fact of those early chapters of a new tale, carried in their author's pocket for the view of his friends, and exhibited with ingenuous pride—and the subsequent unexpected death of that author, leaving his tale untold.

On the 24th of December, THACKERAY fell asleep, meeting tranquilly a death then little expected by himself or his friends. In the full vigour of his intellect, seemingly still capable of much, but having performed enough for one man's fame, he passed away. The talents he held in trust had been faithfully and well employed: great by nature, he proved his greatness by his labours, and left in his works a lasting monument to his memory.

### THE TERCENTENARY COMMITTEE.

SHALL we, after all, have in the metropolis a monument worthy of SHAKESPEARE? Many men begin to doubt this, and of those who doubt certainly only a small minority question the issue in this case from cynicism or indifference. Few Englishmen, of taste and education, can be indifferent to the honour of SHAKESPEARE, the one name in our literature which will always make it tower gigantically above all others, ancient or modern. Yet we find many Englishmen, of undoubted taste and education, indifferent or dubious in respect to the result of the Tercentenary Committee's labours. And—to simulate a Gallicism while we also intend good English—they have reason.

While so many nations are stagnant from the lack of constitutionalism, as soils that require drainage, we seem to be carrying our pet theory too far, and shall be draining water-cress grounds by-and-by. The political theorem upon which our constitution is founded has long ago been imported into the government of our ordinary charitable and





religious associations, until "No contribution without representation," has become a necessary corollary of the older political maxim. This may be all very well in incorporated and continuous societies, established for philanthropic but commonplace operations, of which every subscriber may well be deemed as good a critic as the president or secretary; but we doubt the policy of applying the principle to those exceptional and temporary cases in which all agree as to the end but differ as to the means—in which time is one important element, the possession of refined taste in the executive another, and the positive production of a satisfactory result out of, as it were, a mere experiment, a necessity of success. A hundred years must elapse, and more than three generations be buried, before an attempt can be made to retrieve any failure in the Tercentenary of SHAKESPEARE.

We cannot avoid these reflections when we look upon the constitution of the Committee, which has voted and bought itself into office to carry out a national desire. Every titled and untitled millionaire who could subscribe a handsome sum, however small his intellectual capacity, has been elected a member of the Shaksperian Committee, until its squabbles and scandals have surpassed those of a metropolitan vestry, not in dignity, but in notoriety. "Save me from my friends!" may well be rapped out by the ghost of SHAKESPEARE at the next spiritual seance with which he may deign to communicate. Money, no doubt, will be lavishly spent; nay, perhaps enough has already been spent in "preliminary expenses" to create, under the direction of true taste, no mean monument to our great Bard. It is not the cost, but the manner of the thing, that will be regarded by posterity, and by those civilized foreign nations who fulfil towards us so much of the functions of posterity.

Foreigners who possess not the blessings of constitutionalism have, at all events, this advantage over us, that they cannot carry it into uncongenial soils. Subscription memorials with us are generally spoiled, because every grand subscriber is invited or allowed to have a finger in the pie; and the pie has the fate of all dishes about which too many cooks are employed. We are so pinned to our faith in money, and to what may be called its right to spend itself, that if such a thing as an anonymous cheque for £10,000 could be contributed to the Tercentenary Committee's Funds, they would no doubt vote that cheque into the chair. We are not politicians; but we understand sufficient of constitutional liberty to desire the maintenance of every jot of our political rights. Yet in these matters of art, of taste, of delicacy, we would fain witness more intellectual despotism—a stronger government by the aristocracy of mind. "They do these things better in France," is a truth, at all events, in such enterprises as that under discussion. The long discipline of the French in despotism, and their habit of succumbing to a ruling mind in all things, certainly gives them an advantage over us in these particulars. We seem to imagine, that because this man, and that man, and ninety-eight others, are able to buy colours, brushes, and canvas, and to hire artists if they choose, therefore the whole hundred combined may be trusted to paint a great national picture.

But we will not travel so far as foreign lands for an example in raising memorials. Let us look at the sister kingdoms. What has Ireland done for her national Poet? Though he was incomparably less great than SHAKESPEARE, the Green Isle did not allow three centuries to elapse before raising a national, public, open-air monument to THOMAS MOORE. For six years now has his statue stood an object of honour before Trinity College; and Ireland could not be satisfied until she possessed the stone effigy of another gifted son—OLIVER GOLDSMITH, whose misfortunes, like those of his country, were great as his genius. Scotland too, as compared with England but a poor and barren land, with scant material means, has managed amid her thrift to raise meet monuments in her public ways to the fame of her greatest writers—SCOTT and BURNS. In these cases we have not heard of the wranglings of memorial committees; that we have not—that their work was done quietly and unobtrusively, is the best sign that it was well done. In such an undertaking as this, we no more

want to have forced upon our attention the petty disputes and grievances of the instruments by which it is carried out, than we desire to examine the strains, the bruises, the fractures inflicted upon the scaffold poles, putlogs, and planks in the erection of a great building.

We are too fond in England of small self-glorification—of jumping up behind the triumphal car of a great man, when we should be content to run afoot, and be simple units in a great procession. If all who have joined the Shaksperian Tercentenary movement with this motive would withdraw, gold and all, the cause itself would not suffer. If this duke and that marquess are willing to become poles of the scaffolding—if this wealthy merchant will be content as a plank for the true workmen to tread upon, and that baronet of the banking-house meekly serve as a ladder, we may have a grand result; but if not, if all are to be workmen, and there is to be no scaffolding, will not the work be more characteristic for its bigness and monstrosity, than for its elevation and beauty?

#### ARTIFICIAL POPULARITY.

We should consider a man a consummate idiot who took a painting of TURNER's, and overlaid a few of the heavy layers of colour with daubs of house paint in order to attract the attention of passers-by, or who clothed some of LANDSEER's hounds in resplendent red jackets with the same view. Such an individual would deserve to be kicked by all the members of the Royal Academy, and afterwards to be publicly flagellated by a stalwart representative of the lovers of true art. But whilst the tender mercies of some sections of men are cruel, other sections mitigate punishment which ought to be in one sense cruel, until their mercies become so tender as to be ridiculous and objectionable. Having laid down these hypotheses, we proceed to show, with as succinct a perspicuity as possible, the method in which so much artificial popularity, more especially in connection with the stage, is in the present day manufactured. Unhappily, we are not about to deal with a grievance entirely new. It has been heard of much since the advertisement duty was repealed, and we shall probably hear more of it in proportion as there is a lack of originality among writers, or an absence of brilliant abilities among artists, whether upon the stage or upon canvas. But we should not be so much inclined to complain were theatrical puffery resorted to only when there are no stars in the stage heaven. If you cannot give your horse corn, you must give him chaff; and theatrical managers, like the rest of us, must live: consequently, if the sky resolutely remained dark, it would be scarcely reasonable to flay the unhappy genius who produced a luminary of his own manufacture, and bid it shine with a borrowed refulgence. The case which we have supposed, however, is not the case of the present time. True it is, that the literary part of our stage play presents an appearance as of the desert where no water is—whereon scribbling camels wander with water drawn from perennial springs which acknowledge a source far distant. On the other hand, there are artistes of tried capacity, of genius, who have won a sound popularity. It is in their power, without any extraneous aid, to support the stage in its present decrepit condition: to prop them with puffery is as absurd as it would be to run up pyramids of iron to prevent the clouds from falling.

This being so, it becomes matter for surprise that the managers who have secured these artistes of acknowledged excellence should indulge in so much nonsensical laudation of their own wares. What need is there for Mr. FALCONER daily to thrust forward the name of Mr. PHELPS, decked with inverted commas, notes of admiration, and capital letters? or why should Mr. WEBSTER herald Miss BATEMAN by flourishes of trumpets which shock the ear? What had *Manfred* done to deserve this indignity, and where lies *Leah's* crime that she should be reduced so low? There was much in the praise awarded to Mr. CORDEN that his "eloquence was unadorned," and our stage managers might not only take a leaf from his book, but remember also that there is a species of eloquence not the least powerful when unexpressed. In com-

paring the conduct of stage managers in this respect with our publishers, we find that the latter exercise a discretion which, although by no means admirable, is still far superior to the clap-trap ingenuity of the former. We have mentioned Mr. FALCONER's name in connection with these abuses, and we will make one extract from a published advertisement of Drury Lane to exemplify our meaning. A Christmas pantomime is introduced, and the well-known artist, Mr. BEVERLEY, has creditably painted the scenery. But our expressions by no means portray the fact, to learn which we must study in the school of puffery. We are told—

"The gorgeously beautiful character of the decorations, inclusive of more than the usual amount of scenic surprises and transformation wonders, are ensured by the fact of their being entirely designed, and for the most part executed, by the celebrated artist, WILLIAM BEVERLEY, whose eminent services, &c. &c."

We are not about to contend that in this instance this wealth of words is wholly inappropriate, there being so extensive a competition in that particular branch of the theatrical profession that almost all devices are venial, and puffery may possibly find in this direction its legitimate element. But apply something of this sort to a legitimate artist, and what is the impression produced? We have no desire to contemplate it. Conceive, also, what our idea of a publisher would be were he to announce that a novel was about to be issued by Mr. TROLLOPE, that eminent delineator of clerical scenes, who for the last tenth of a century has charmed the civilized world by his admirable and life-like pictures of English clerical existence, and won for himself a popularity the uniqueness of which was never equalled. We do not say that literary journals do not sometimes display a twaddling disposition of this kind. There are some cases in which publishers have the itch for scribbling, without the common sense to perceive that such occupation is not exactly their vocation; but such cases are happily comparatively rare. These are not days when the great body of the people is illiterate. When Messrs. COBBEN and BRIGHT have divided the lands of the rich among the poor, depriving the once rich man of the means of educating his children on a liberal principal, placing out of the reach of the middle class the aid by which its posterity may obtain substantial knowledge, and loading the humble with cares which an unaccustomed responsibility entails, then indeed it might be a wise measure upon the part of caterers for the public to resort to verbal illusions, and devices in which artistic puffery should hold a high position. As manners now stand, however, we venture to think that such a course can but reduce genius to a position scarcely enviable, and tend to make stage-managers ridiculous. We have directed attention to this subject, not with a view to ridicule particular individuals or particular institutions. Our remarks might with equal justice be applied to many and various professions and trades which are continually before the public, of which the theatrical is the most prominent. We would gladly see an amelioration, and we contend that it is necessary on the ground that the faculties of appreciation in the people are so strong that they require no extrinsic stimulant; and whilst an intelligent and impartial press still possesses the privilege of publishing anonymous criticism, true merit has nothing to fear. The puffery of which the unpaid-for columns of the press are the vehicle is beneath serious notice, for it is generally so patent as to be a mere source of amusement, and the critic who lends himself to such a subterfuge by which to gain the popular suffrages is apt to pull his own house about his ears. The subject has not been an inviting one, neither has the task of proving the fallacious principle upon which modern puffery is based been a grateful one. We consequently dismiss the subject, and complete the task without regret.

AMONG the papers of the late Countess Augusta Stolberg, of Kiel, the friend of Goethe, a sketch in ink by the poet's own hand has been found. It is a sketch of the room which young Goethe occupied in his father's house. For a long time it was thought to be lost, and many fruitless inquiries have been made for it. The precious drawing has been presented by its owner, Etzrath Hegewisch, of Kiel, to the free German Hochstift, at Frankfurt, to whom it proves to be of the greatest value in the restoration of the Goethe House to its condition after the rebuilding in 1755.



## A WELCOME.

HAIL, Scion of our ancient Kings!  
Heir to a people's yearning love!  
A genial warmth thy advent brings,  
When sunny beams are scant above.

Who will of nipping frost complain,  
Of sullen skies and woodlands sere,  
When at the wintriest time we gain  
The sunniest gleam of all the year?

Like a beloved bidden guest  
That prematurely greets our eyes,  
We welcome thee with heartier zest  
For this unlooked-for, glad surprise.

For the first primrose of the Spring  
Could joy the poet's wishful sight,  
A sweeter bud than all to sing  
Cheers him amid the winter blight.

Born to all honour, baby Prince!  
Be thine all bliss, is our desire;  
And may thy future life evince  
The virtues of thy Father's Sire!

God bless the Princess that hath borne  
So fair a fruit to our hope's bloom,  
And may she ne'er untimely mourn  
Beneath the shadow of a tomb!

God comfort our dear Queen in thee  
For HIM of all-unspotted fame;  
And may thy Sire a parent be  
Aye worthy of Good ALBERT's name!

May our imperial royal line  
For ever be prolong'd through thee,  
To rule our isles while sun doth shine  
Or Britain rise above the sea!

For regal honour to enhance,  
While on our cliffs a billow rolls,  
Be their as thy inheritance  
The love of thirty million souls!

## MUSIC AND PAINTING.

THE analogies existing between the several fine arts, as between the physical sciences, have been always a favorite topic with philosophers; and to the lovers of art the resemblances and differences between agencies of expression so intrinsically alike, and so kindred in their origin, must ever be interesting questions; though unintelligible to that numerous class who are destitute of those inner senses—an ear for music, and an eye for form and colour—by which alone their expression is perceptible. In these discussions it is generally admitted, that while the other arts are more or less limited, naturally or conventionally, in their scope of imitation, painting and music are capable of an almost unlimited range in their power of interpreting the deepest and most subtle emotions of our nature. An eminent French author, of the present time, speaks of music as "that celestial language which begins where articulate speech ends:" meaning, of course, that there are feelings and sentiments of which we are sometimes conscious, such as cannot be translated into the phrases of any human language, and can be conveyed from mind to mind only in the infinitely various tones and combinations of music. We all know, from our personal experiences, that although cultivated language, in all civilized communities, can describe many delicate tones and evanescent shades of thought, still, a look, or a gesture, or a vocal intonation, will sometimes express more than the most elaborate and abundant resources of spoken words; and it is just at this point that we detect that close resemblance and relationship between music and painting which we are endeavouring to illustrate. The analogies, curious enough, but perhaps fanciful, which have been traced between the seven notes of the gamut and the seven colours of the prism—between the expression of corresponding colours and tones—between the natural defect known as colour-blindness, and that obtuseness of ear to which all the successions of melody and all combinations of harmony are only so many unmeaning and disagreeable noises; the curious coincidence, also, that while we are intimately acquainted with monumental evidences of the other arts as cultivated by the ancients, we know scarcely anything more of their painting and music, than that the former was executed in tempera upon panels of wood, and that the latter had no counterpoint; all these, however interesting in their way, are subordinate considerations to that versatile and widely-

-ranging power of expression which their sister arts possess in common. Let us take, for instance, the delineation of some of the stronger and less sensual passions that agitate human nature in moments of intense excitement—in those tragedies of real life that are acted, under the surface, much more frequently than we may probably imagine—in the sudden and overwhelming assaults of revenge, hatred, jealousy, terror, indignation, contempt, and that horrible blending of hope, fear, and impatience, which we call suspense. In all these we find that mere language fails utterly; that, in the actual manifestation of such passions, the "agony"—as the Greeks used expressively to call it—leaves no time or thought for the selection of appropriate words, even if such could be found; and that, in the imitative descriptions of poetry, the most carefully chosen words are inadequate, not only to the conception of the artist himself, but to the awakening a full and perfect sympathy in the reader. But, even were it otherwise, were language sufficiently copious to delineate high-toned and tempestuous passions and deep emotions in the abstract, no vocabulary that ever existed contains resources equal to the exact portraiture of the innumerable degrees and infinite phases of human feeling. Let us read the most eloquent and impassioned tragedy, as aesthetically as we may, and we shall find our appreciation tame and cold in comparison with the involuntary sympathy which is forced from us by witnessing the same drama placed on the stage, and animated by the play of feature and the intonations of voice which are the pictorial and musical interpretations that give it motion and life. It is just on this principle that a picture and a musical composition convey to the mind, through the eyes and ears, more than any written or spoken words can carry with them; and that, sometimes, a half-shade of colour, a faintly-traced line, or a plaintive semitone, can express what no array of words can ever suggest. The range of expression, too, is interminable; graduating from the most spiritual and devotional sentiment of religion down to the broadest caricature and the most contumacious burlesque; while in other arts, as in language, the capabilities of degradation are limited. This is the case of sculpture especially, if we take as our guide the practice of the Greeks, who excluded from their objects of imitation, not only all that exaggeration of deformity which constitutes caricature, but even such distortions of stormy passions as could not harmonize conveniently with the calm dignity of their prevailing conception of beauty. They indemnified themselves, however, for that restraint, by the wild and piquant extravagances of their comic and satiric drama. It would seem, indeed, that there is in the human mind a sort of instinctive, and therefore irrepresible, tendency to diversify its serious speculations by turning for relief to that comic and grotesque aspect, which, under the derisive touch of art, anything whatever may be made to exhibit—to laugh at its own solemnity—to relax the tension of grave occupations by some lively and ridiculous grimace—to desecrate, in fact, the severe austerities of high art by alternating them with the mockeries of burlesque; just as, for instance, the artists who embellished our old cathedrals with the sculptured and painted emblems of religion, saved themselves from insanity by carving the grinning gargoyles on the door-posts. In this faculty of self-parody and caricature, more or less common to all the arts, music is, beyond comparison, capable of being the most ludicrous and fantastic. As it is the most sublime and terrible in its higher phases of religious devotion, and ecstasy, and sorrow; so it can, like painting, dance gracefully with the fairies, and execute broad grins such as no buffoon or clown can rival. What would a pantomime be without an orchestra?—What would Punch be without his woodcuts? Though it is true that the taste must be cultivated, and the perception naturally sensitive and acute, that can appreciate all the inarticulate and many-sided eloquence of music, still there are many, naturally gifted, who can feel and enjoy it, without knowing why, or being able to analyse the effect. Such persons, probably, derive the most gratification from their sensations; as a knowledge of anatomy mars the effect of physical beauty; because, in proportion as we analyse our enjoyments, they become purely intellectual, and therefore, although of a higher order, so much the less fresh and impulsive. There is, however, belonging exclusively to that more scientific appreciation, a faculty of receiving suggestions and drawing inferences from works of art, which is a sealed fountain and an unknown language to the multitude. A person of cultivated taste, says Addison, "can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue;" and in this capability of suggestiveness we know from experience that painting and music excel. They can not only interpret the deepest

\* Literally, "a struggle, a wrestling-match."

emotions and most delicate shades of feeling, but awaken them in those by whom they would otherwise, never be experienced. Who has not felt, at some time, that a picture of Martin's, or an oratorio of Handel's, can awaken impressions of awe and solemnity and devotion, such as no eloquence of mere words could ever produce? Who would ever think of such a thing as dancing, did not the poetry and rhyme of sweet sounds stimulate also the corresponding poetry of motion? Who could tolerate the mere words of a comic song, if music did not lend its aid in making them expressive and melodious? How many of our fashionable sentimental songs would be rejected as lackadaisical and insipid, if they were not animated and supplemented by the airs with which they are identified. But there are effects more powerful and agitating than these. It is when martial music "bids the battle rage," that the soldier forgets fatigue and danger, the chances of life and death, and the fond and lingering memories of home; and it is, also, when the "soul is dark" and the heart is heavy with its load of sorrow, that music is a spell and a talisman of power. In that deepest and darkest of all affliction that is voiceless and tearless, let its magic touch only thrill into the spirit, and the flood-gates are opened, and tears flow convulsively and refreshingly, unloading the swollen heart and cooling the burning brain.

## THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY is not, generally speaking, one of the most pleasant months of the year. It comes upon us with somewhat uninviting aspects. Its character is indecisive, and its disposition as uncertain as that of a girl in her teens. Now it smiles with all the loveliness of full-blown Spring, and anon its countenance is disfigured by the blackest frowns, chilling all it looks upon. It is essentially a fickle month; but although it affords a meeting-place for Winter and Spring to embrace each other, and is thus of necessity changeable, one characteristic it scarcely ever lacks, and that is rain. "February fill-dyke" is a proverbial expression, and, as a rule, a great quantity of rain falls during the month. The agriculturist knows how to appreciate this peculiarity, and is disappointed if dust is more plentiful than mud. The growing wheat has just arrived at a stage when moisture is essentially necessary; moreover, the farmer knows, that if the dykes be not filled this month, they are almost sure to be so in March, and this mars all his arrangements.

February does not seem exactly the season for love, yet Cupid has chosen it for his favourite month, and it is now, too, that birds awake from their winter's inactivity and begin to choose their mates. Shakspeare alludes to this, as he does to nearly all the ways of Nature and of men. When Theseus comes upon the lovers in the forest, he exclaims—

"St. Valentine is past, begin these wood-birds but to couple now?"

The notion that birds commence their season of love on this particular day obtained, however, long before the age of Shakspeare, and must have had its origin, one would imagine, when the climate of this country was rather more tropical than it is now; for Valentine's mornings are too often most unprovocative of affection, and are apt to chill rather than to promote anything like warmth of feeling. February would assuredly be winter were it not for its lengthening days, and this characteristic lends a peculiar charm to the month. There is no sensation of the year so sweet as that which we feel when the days are growing. We seem then to begin life anew, and all around is fresh and glad.

This early part of the year is the dawn of hope for us all, whether old or young. Like the bright and promising period of youth, it forces us to indulge in dreams of the future, rather than in the reality of present or past. Could it have been at any other season than this that Campbell wrote his *Pleasures of Hope*? We picture the poet when he penned these charming thoughts surrounded by all the cheering influences of Spring.

"When leaves are green and hawthorn buds appear,"—

just as we fancy the author of *Pleasures of Memory* received his inspiration from the fading leaves of Autumn. Nature is beginning now to rub her eyes, though sometimes, like drowsy mortals, she relapses into slumber again. February may be termed the bridge which leads us out of Winter into glorious Spring. Antolycus says, in the *Winter's Tale*—

"When daffodils begin to peer,  
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale—  
Why, then comes in the sweet of the year,  
For the red blood reigns in the Winter's pale."

Beauty is now being gradually spread out on all sides, and it is pleasing to observe the different features which each month presents.



In January only a few flowers timidly venture forth. But now the number increases, and besides the daffodil we have as harbingers of the glories to come, the laurestinus, the broom (*Ruscus aculeatus*) the yew-blossom, and the sweetest of all gems in Flora's bouquet, the primrose.

Whatever else changes around us, the flowers are always the same; they never forget to bloom, but are rather the emblems of constancy and everlasting friendship.

Nor do the birds ever forget to make their appearance at the proper time. That bright little fellow the yellow-hammer even in February enlivens the air with his merry notes, putting to shame the robin and the winter-chirping sparrow. The misel-thrush is peculiarly the bird of February, and one of our living lyrists, in his *Songs of Early Spring*, gives us the following characteristic translation of the refrain of its inspiring melodies—

"The Misel-thrush sings from the mistletoe bough  
Its melodies, clear and loud;  
It shouts to the desolate earth its songs,  
To the winds and the drifting cloud:  
'Ye may frown, ye may frown,  
And the storm may come down,  
But the Spring will be here by-and-by!'  
"The snowdrop wakes up from its slumbers deep,  
As it heareth its musical strain,  
And raises its head from its cold, cold bed,  
And whispers—'We come again!  
For though the winds blow,  
And fast falls the snow,  
The Spring will be here by-and-by!'  
"Another, too, heareth its echoing voice,  
And that is the frozen stream,  
Which joyously leaps on its way again  
As it wakes from its wintry dream:  
'Oh! oh!' sings the Thrush,  
And the waters rush,  
'The Spring will be here by-and-by!'  
"It jills with a song the tempest high,  
Which buffets the leafless tree,  
And the rage of the wild wind passes away,  
Till it dimples with kisses the sea:  
'Oh! oh!' sings the bird,  
Now my songs have been heard—  
In peace I can live, love, and die!"

How great is our variety of song-birds! more valuable are they than the richest-plumed denizens of southern climes. What can equal in poetic beauty the enchanting *tirra-lirra* of the lark as it soars above, beyond all reach of vision? How near the spiritual! and with what rapture and inspired zeal does he approach "Heaven's gate"! On a February morning, when Phoebus gives encouragement, this sweetest of Spring's messengers often tunes its lay. Now, too, the goldfinch sings again, though feebly compared to the grand solos we shall have from him when Winter is a little farther off. The woodpecker also makes itself heard, and careful observers may have audible demonstration of its "tapping the old oak-tree." The rooks begin at this season to be loquacious, and there is no more charming sound—monotonous though it be—than their busy cawing from morn to eve. They chatter so continually, and appear to take such an interest in their work, that one listens to them with as much pleasure as to the musical blackbird or thrush.

The rook is a quiet bird enough during the winter months, and we are then scarcely ever reminded of his existence; but when the period for building arrives, behold him all bustle and excitement: so talkative too, that one wonders whether he really does communicate ideas to his fellows. Occasionally in February the brimstone butterfly appears on the scene (*Papilio rhamni*), at the first sight of which we believe that Spring has actually arrived. Alas! too often it proves a delusion and a snare, and the poor self-deceived insect is one more added to the list of false prophets. To the naturalist the stagnant pools present in early Spring a fine field for observation and study. Frogs spawn, and from it issue those Protean little monsters which change their forms apparently at will. The toad, too, about this time gets tired of its long hibernation, and grimly shows itself. This creature of all things in the world is, to our thinking, the most quaint and ancient-looking. It carries us back to antediluvian periods, and, in spite of the Darwinian theory, we cannot imagine the ugly animal "evolved" from anything but itself. It always looks to us as if it had no business in our age, and ought to have gone out with the mastodon, megatherium, &c. We ought not to forget, however, that it possesses one redeeming feature, and on the authority of Shakespeare we are bound to believe it has a "precious jewel in its head." Although February is the shortest month in the year, it can boast of more distinguished days perhaps than any other. Let us take them *seriatim*. First of all comes Candlemas, which in our day has nought but a name to recommend it, yet which in bygone times was one of the most celebrated days in the whole calendar. It had its origin in the observance of the Virgin's Purification, and, as its name implies, was associated

with the burning of candles. Churches were lit up with them, in token of the "light which lightens the Gentiles," and even after the Reformation had swept away most other symbols the custom was still observed. Henry VIII. proclaimed in 1539, "on Candlemas-day it shall be declared that the burning of candles is done in memory of Christ, the spiritual light whom Simeon did prophesy, as it is read in the church that day." And even as late as the time of Charles II. it was customary for people, when lights were brought in, to say "God send us the light of Heaven!" It is a wonder our modern church restorers, in their enthusiasm for mediæval customs, have not sought to revive the glories of Candlemas. As it is, we know nothing of it beyond the following proverb, which, without much rhyme or reason, it has given birth to.

"If Candlemas-day be dry and fair,  
The half of Winter's to come and mair;  
If Candlemas-day be wet and foul,  
The half of Winter's gone at yule."

The great festival of February is St. Valentine's day—the festival of Love—when young maidens for the nonce cast off their coyness, and boldly assail the hearts of the opposite sex. Well, let them enjoy their carnival, and on their account we will wish that Valentine's day may ever find a place in the calendar. How it was that this saint came to be associated with so much fun and frolic is exceedingly strange, considering what a pious and self-denying person he must have been. It is said he was a priest and lived in the third century. His end was most ignominious and sad. He was first of all beaten with clubs and then beheaded. No wonder he was looked upon as a martyr. The strange connection between this holy man and the custom called by his name is well explained by Mr. Douce. "It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februa, Febralis, and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian Church, who by every possible means endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, substituted in the present instance the names of particular saints instead of those of the women; and as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time."

Soon after St. Valentine's day usually follows Shrove Tuesday, another occasion for mirth and jollity. It is a singular fact that most of our holidays should have had a sacred origin, and that they should have degenerated into excuses for amusement and animal gratification. Shrove Tuesday, albeit that it was formerly a day when people were *shriven*, that is, absolved from their sins, is, and has been for many years, associated with joviality, feasting, and fun. It was, indeed, not long since customary to celebrate the day by the most absurd and inhuman practices, such as cock-fighting, throwing at cocks, casting crockery at people's doors, and beating hens to death with flails—those of them which had laid no eggs before Lent! Happily, these customs have become obsolete in our day, and the only one which we observe is the innocent indulgence of feasting on pancakes.—

Like most other months, February has its peculiar proverbs. Here are a few of them.

"February fill the dyke  
Either with black or white."  
(i. e. with rain or snow.)

"The Welshman would rather see his dam on her bier  
Than see a fair Februer."

"A' the months o' the year,  
Curses a fair Februer."

## Musical Notes and Notices.

We have great pleasure in recommending to our readers three arrangements by S. Thalberg, just published. The first is a very good transcription of Mendelssohn's beautiful song *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*; all who know and appreciate this song—and who can know it, and not appreciate?—will be glad to make the acquaintance of this transcription, which will pleasantly recall the melody to them; whilst those who do not already know the song will by this piece be brought into contact with one of Mendelssohn's lesser gems. It must be noticed, that the melody, which runs through, and not away over the accompaniment, is engraved in larger-sized notes than the rest, which renders the arrangement clear and easy to read at first sight. This new mode of engraving pianoforte-music is a decided improvement: we are only surprised it has never been attempted before.

It has also been adopted in Thalberg's transcription from an air in Spontini's opera, *Ferdinand Cortez*. This opera is almost unknown in this country, but it is better known in Paris, where it was written and produced. There is a great deal of pathos and vigour about the air selected by Thalberg, and it is well suited in that respect for refined and polished pianoforte playing: the chief difficulty it presents, being an artistic, and not a scientific one, will make it popular with a large class of pianists, careful expression being more needed than elaborate fingering.

M. Thalberg's arrangement of the celebrated chorus, from the second act of *Lucrezia Borgia*, is by all means the best we have seen of that chorus. This will be an acceptable addition to our pianoforte operatic music; and although the construction of the original chorus is simple, and depends for its effect upon the curious modulation at the end of the first phrase, and the diminuendo ending, the transcription is brilliant, and sufficiently varied in treatment to prevent monotony. These three arrangements are published by Metzler & Co.

*The Wild Wood*, *Brilliant Masurka*, by James Daly, (H. Jewell, Great Russell Street), is pretty and sparkling without presenting any great novelty, either in melody or construction. If there is any charge to make against it, it is that of prolixity: the first phrase, for instance, is repeated *ad nauseam*. The movement in F minor is the most original and the best in the masurka. The title of it is more fanciful than titles of dance music are generally. Has Mr. Daly ever heard of or seen a wood that is not wild?

We have before us a successful arrangement of "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*, by Madame Dury (Metzler & Co.). Short and moderately difficult, it is sure of pleasing both players and listeners. We much commend Madame Dury for her selection of themes. It is certainly better that arrangers and adapters should seize upon well-known and approved melodies for their ground-work, than tax their own inventive power for themes. How very seldom it is that a really good melody is produced; how extremely poor and second-hand are many melodies (called original) written at the present day! The gift of tune, i. e. of inventing tune, is by no means widely bestowed; few musicians have the gift: however much they have studied, whatever may have been their musical experience, whatever may be the amount of science they may have acquired, an artistic flow of melody only comes to a favoured few artists born. Apropos of these remarks, we beg to call attention to two pianoforte pieces, by M. Julien Lambert (Metzler & Co.). The first is *La Peruvienne*, *Grande Polka de Salon*, which, for its kind, is passable enough. There cannot be much variation in this class of music. The requirements being few, they are easily satisfied. In this case, they are sufficiently cared for; performer, hearer, and dancer will be equally pleased. It is slightly difficult, and certainly showy. The worst part of it, is the first phrase, which is commonplace. But who will believe that *Marlborough*, *Fantaisie Militaire*, by the same composer, is nothing more nor less than variations upon "There's nae luck about the house." M. Lambert's theme is so exactly like it, that we are left in doubt whether it is not designedly so, and the high-sounding title is only a 'sensation.' Military pieces are almost always failures on the pianoforte. The present instrument is capable of such very great things, a fulfilment of a prophecy by the great Beethoven himself, that a limit upon its capabilities may be considered by some rash, if not absurd. Nevertheless, we have not yet heard any martial music effective on the pianoforte. M. Lambert's composition does not incline us to change our opinion. Unassociated with Mars, and with the rollings in the bass expunged, it would have been less pretentious and more successful.

*La Perle du Bal*, *Suite des Valses*, par Arthur Napoléon, Op. 5 (Metzler), has the usual elaborate introduction, which reminds us of the house with a porch as big as itself. In this case, however, the porch is the best of the whole. The valse is four in number. The first is poor in harmony, and has only about three different chords in it. The subject of No. 2 is stirring, but not novel. No. 3 is tolerable, but not so good as No. 4, which is the best; here there is an attempt at varying the harmonies, by no means unsuccessful. We have received two Romances by A. Danseigne Méhul (Metzler and Co.). They are entitled respectively *Luciole* and *Romance Variée*. They are both elegant, and written by a master. The former, in the key of C, is the easier; some of the variations in the latter, in the key of A flat, present difficulties of execution. We have before us an edition of three songs by Franz Abt (Metzler and Co.), with English words by George Linley. Of all German song-writers Abt is the most popular in this country amongst amateurs: his music is not so profoundly German as Schubert or Kücken; it is more nearly allied to the best English music, and his melodies are so clear and pretty, that they are certain to become popular. *Vor meinen Fenster der Apfelbaum*, *Under my Window the Apple Tree*, is for mezzo-soprano, in the key of C. The melody is smooth and simple, and the accompaniment easy. We must confess the song loses by being sung in English, although the translation is good. There is a certain roughness in the rhyme of the latter, a kind of jog-trot movement, which is always, more or less, the fate of faithful translations.

*Sing mit, The Birds and the Bee*, is a very lively pretty song in 6-8 time (the same time as the last). German writers have a knack of making much of a simple accompaniment. In this case, the accompaniment is very simple and easy, and yet it is perfectly original and pretty withal. The effect of the song will much depend upon the way in which it is accompanied.



The English words to *Der Kleine Reiter* convey no part of the original humour, whilst *Der Kleine Reiter* is a humorous thoroughly German ballad, of the old German ballad school. The same song sung as the *Young Cavalier* will never provoke a smile, but will appear a ballad of the bygone days of romantic chivalry. Perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Linley was wise not to attempt to render the translation nearer to the original. In none but a thoroughly German song with German words could the word 'hopp' be sung consecutively eight times to quick notes. But then, let no one sing the English words except by sheer necessity. In either case, however, the music is sure to please, as it is light and sparkling, with a vigorous accompaniment. The highest note being F, it will be found to be in the compass of average voices.

Having already noticed a pianoforte composition by Mr. James Daly, we are very glad to speak favourably of a song by the same gentleman, *The Withered Rose* written by Miss Cotter, composed by James Daly (J. H. Jewell, Great Russell Street). The composer of this song seems more at home at vocal than at instrumental writing. There is a certain amount of poetry in the words, though the diction might be better. For instance, it was not worth the authoress's while to change the iambic measure and begin one line 'Rude 'twas' instead of 'Twas rude'; and then, again, 'Of him I never more shall see' is a very weak line, and spoils the verse where it occurs. Mr. Daly has set the words to music successfully, and without straining after extraordinary effects.

*The Parochial Church Tune Book*, by Richard Redhead, (Metzler and Co.), is a collection of Hymn-tunes with an appendix of chants and responses to the Commandments. The tunes are arranged in short score, and the book is in a very convenient form for use, and is published at a cheap price. The collection includes tunes culled from ancient sources, from old English hymnody, from German chorales, and a few modern collections. With all due deference to the editor, we think many new arrangements of old tunes might have been superseded by the good, melodious, solid tunes which the church composers of the present day have contributed to the stock. We look in vain for many modern tunes which have deservedly become popular. The introduction of the German chorales into our churches is a great gain, and we are glad to see Mr. Redhead gives a prominent place in his book to this class of hymnody. The familiar names of John Sebastian Bach and Ravenscroft stamp the book as sterling coin. On the whole, the collection, as such, is one of the best and most practical that has been published in our day. We cannot agree with all of Mr. Redhead's arrangements; of one or two of them we must beg to speak in dispraise. The beautiful and familiar tune of *Rockingham* is scarcely recognisable in its new dress of harmonies and altered melody. However faulty the latter may have been, it has become much too familiar for an editor to alter or modify it. Again, the canon of Tallis is spoilt by the arrangement of the first four chords, in which the tenor part should sing the last four notes of the melody to complete the canon. With one or two defects, such as these, the book possesses, on the other hand, advantages of arrangement, clearness, and price, which make it a valuable addition to our collections of hymn-tunes.

#### OPERAS AND OPERETTAS.

THERE is nothing so difficult as to change normal types. Any new arrangement of works—by which we mean schemes, or ground-plans of works—in any branch of art, or literature, is always looked upon with suspicion by the critics and the public. We suppose the reason for this is, that when any branch of art has, after repeated trial and experiment, or after the model of a master, settled down into a fixed form, any enterprising artist who ventures to alter or in any degree modify the pattern, is suspected of charlatanism, and of inability to work up to the received form, and so is obliged to depend for success upon a novel arrangement, rather than upon intrinsic merit. These remarks apply particularly to those cases in which the novelty is a smaller work than the received form. For instance, all young painters till within a very few years ago would only paint large pictures of some stereotyped class of subject. A sort of dread seemed to pervade them, that the public would not be able to recognise their claims to art, unless their productions covered so many square feet of canvas. No dramatist, up to a certain period, dared to write a tragedy under five acts, or a comedy under three acts at least. No composer of sacred music ventured to go between an anthem and an oratorio, until Mendelssohn, without any regard for custom, but with the profoundest regard for art, produced several entire psalms, and, above all, the *Lobgesang*; when musicians discovered for the first time that the sacred cantata was as grand and noble an opportunity for composers and performers as an oratorio in two or three parts. Last of all, operatic composers have discovered, and the public (in England) has discovered, a new, and, at any rate in this country, an untried wide field, for them to work in. Hitherto, those who would not venture upon such a large work as an

opera, tried their hand at incidental music to a long play. A one-act opera, thoroughly complete in all its parts, although for some years a well-known form of composition in Paris, has but lately made a successful hold in London. Now, that the hold has been made, we hope the same will be followed up, and that our English librettists and English composers will put the shoulder to the wheel, and with the aid of English performers, of whom there are many able and willing, if there be a fair field and liberal management, produce a succession of one of the most charming and really artistic forms of the lyrical drama. There are many good pictures shown annually, at the Royal Academy, but a few square inches in surface. There are occasionally some good one-act dramas produced on the London stages. If we cannot, as yet, boast of a good English opera school, let us have some one-act operas, or operettas, which shall be gems in their way. A very good beginning has been made. The enterprising Mr. German Reed has been carrying on at the Gallery of Illustration, a complete opera, reduced to its smallest possible material, without a band, and without a chorus. With the aid of four soloists, and a pianoforte accompanist, backed by pretty music, a pretty plot, and a pretty scene, we have enjoyed a most charming winter entertainment. To Mr. Macfarren, be all praise for the music, which, although melodious and slight throughout, never descends to common-place. This small company has now left London for the provinces, and we beg to recommend *Jessy Lea* to the favourable notice of our country readers. After Easter, we hear we shall be able to welcome them back to London with an operetta, which Mr. Benedict is now engaged upon for them. The best we can say for them is, that we wish them heartily success in the provinces, and shall be glad when they return to Regent Street. This attempt has been successfully followed up by Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Galer. The exigencies of pantomime have pushed another operetta, also by an Englishman, into public notice at Covent Garden.

At the seat of the Italian Opera itself, such an attempt is a bold one, but the success has justified fully the attempt. *Fanchette* is by a composer little known, but of no ordinary merit. Mr. W. C. Levey betrays throughout his French training. He is evidently conversant with Auber and Meyerbeer, and more especially with Adolphe Adam, who, more than any other composer, has striven to popularize operas constructed on the small scale. Mr. Levey has wisely reduced the dialogue to the smallest limit. In so short a piece this should be so. The plot, which is a French subject, is sufficiently slight, and at the same time sufficiently complicated to allow of some capital situations, which the composer has turned to advantage. The various songs are so uniformly good, that it would be invidious to particularize any one in preference to the rest. The concerted music, is, however, the best musical feature; in this, we cannot refrain from mentioning the laughing trio, as one of the most happy pieces of its kind. It only remains to add, that the acting and singing of the company are first-rate, and the careful get-up of the whole piece very good. We hope that this year will not pass by without other attempts of a similar kind to produce good small operas, and we feel sure, if they be as good as the specimens already produced, that the English public will reward the attempt with their hearty approval and liberal patronage.

**PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCE.**—Recently, at the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, Mons. A. D. Méhul gave the first of a series of four performances of classical and modern pianoforte music. The programme comprised varied and interesting selections from Beethoven, Schubert, R. Schuman, Chopin, and other composers, the whole series being admirably adapted to bring out the powers of the performer, and, at the same time, to afford a pleasing and instructive entertainment. In the execution of the various pieces, Mons. Méhul showed himself a highly accomplished pianist. He displayed throughout a consummate command over the resources of the instrument; and his style of playing was characterized by brilliancy and spirit, combined with tasteful expression. The performances seemed to be highly appreciated.

**LOSS OF A FINE OPERATIC COMPOSITION.**—One of the latest and finest of Dr. Arne's theatrical compositions was an opera called *Caractacus*, founded on the piece of that name written by Mason. Every portion of the music (as stated by the late Dr. Arnold, who had seen it) evinced a vigour and warmth of imagination worthy of the flower of early manhood. At Dr. Arne's decease, this production, which the public never heard, came into the possession of his son, Dr. Michael Arne, who unfortunately sold the manuscript to one Harrison, a bookseller in Paternoster Row, who becoming a bankrupt before the piece was published, it was publicly sold, together with his other effects (to whom is not now known), and never has been heard of since.

#### Literary Notes and Notices.

THE ephemeral quality of the Christmas publications is evident from the oblivion to which they are consigned before the succeeding month has transpired; and this month, as usual, after the excitement of that book-manufacturing season, there is a temporary lull in the issue of noteworthy books. Fortunately for the literary public, the premature birth of the Prince Royal has forestalled the publication of elegantly bound toned-paper volumes of prose and verse, which are generally the concomitants of such auspicious occasions, and the literary announcements, so far as current and coming events are concerned, have reference chiefly to the tercentenary commemoration of the birth of Shakspeare. We are to have new editions of the songs, sonnets, and illustrated works of the great Bard, ad infinitum. Some fragments of these have already reached us, which shall be noticed when the volumes of which they form parts have been completed. Mention of the name of Shakspeare, reminds us of the introduction to a work, 2 vols., just published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., entitled *Queens of Song*: being memoirs of some of the most celebrated female vocalists, who have appeared on the lyric stage, from the earliest days of opera to the present time: by Ellen Creathorne Clayton.—The authoress, in the introduction to which we refer, appropriately remarks, "Love of an art, creates love of the artist." We cannot be moved, excited, transported by the poetry of Shakspeare, and yet take no interest in himself. We desire to know all about him that can be known, and eagerly receive every scrap of information that can be gathered as to the life and fortunes, the character, habits, manners, and domestic relations of the man whose writings we so dearly cherish. Akin to the interest we take in the great dramatic poet, is that which we take in the great dramatic musician. We feel for a Mozart as we do for a Shakspeare. And not less lively is our personal sympathy with the professors of that beautiful art which interprets and embellishes, which realizes and brings before our senses, the grand conceptions of the dramatic poet and composer." In this spirit the work before us has been successfully completed. To the author it has undoubtedly been a labour of love, although she is jealous lest it should be regarded in this light alone. Writing from a consciousness "that the influence of a great actress stands more prominently in the world's eye, has a greater influence on manners, and reflects more strongly the prevailing hues of society than an actor can do," she has been careful to select for the subjects of her biographical sketches those stars of the lyric stage who have shed lustre on the musical history of Italy, France, Germany, and England. The selections have been made most judiciously, for, as the author correctly observes, "to write a series of memoirs of the great female opera singers would be almost equivalent to writing a history of the Opera itself," and perhaps in the most pleasant form which such a history could assume. Compared with the history of dramatic representation—for it would appear that at the dawn of modern civilization most countries of Christian Europe possessed a rude kind of theatrical entertainment, consisting not in those exhibitions of national character and interest which constituted the plays of ancient Greece and Rome, but in representations of historical legends or supernatural events of the Old and New Testament—the existence of Opera is but as of yesterday. First making her appearance in Italy, she travelled next into France and England, and lastly into Germany. Only in these four countries, says the authoress, can a national opera be said to exist. In each of them, the musical stage has acquired distinctive peculiarities; but in all of them it retains the principle features which it has derived from Italy, the land of its birth. Composers and performers have been natives of other countries—Spain, Russia, Sweden, or Denmark; but they have all been formed chiefly in the school of Italy, and, in some degree, in those of France and Germany. As to England, she is beginning to have a school; but beyond our own shores English opera has no influence.

The authoress is careful to tell us she does not claim for her work any such pretentious title as a history of Opera, but that she has chosen her heroines with a view to a two-fold source of interest. She has taken those whose genius and labours have stamped the deepest impress on the state of contemporary art, and some who, though of secondary artistic name, have eventful histories, and from whose fortunes, in their brilliant and most perilous career, an instructive moral may be gathered. That she is capable of appreciating the position and temptations to which the favourite Queen of Song of the hour is subjected on the stage, the following brief description will sufficiently prove:—

"Every 'Queen of Song' is the central figure in a group of all that is great, and noble, and gay—and too often, unhappily, dissolute—in the society in which she moves. Her story is often of touching and romantic interest, and her fate points an impressive moral lesson. Gifted with powers designed to delight the world, and in most instances combined with personal attractions that materially enhance the charms of vocal and histrionic efforts, the young debutante, emerging from the severe labour of her musical studies, enters at once on the dazzling but dangerous scene of her future triumphs: endowed with sensibility of no ordinary kind, refined by the cultivation of her voice and ear, and often with the strong and wayward impulses of genius.

Her first success in a moment transforms the chrysalis into the butterfly, destined to flutter in the breeze of theatrical splendours. Fascinating the public, and gratifying the intellectual lovers of song while her beauty and powers remain in their full perfection, the fal



and accomplished young vocalist cannot but captivate many hearts, and thus becomes surfeited by the flatteries of the spoiled children of fortune, and lured by the wiles of subtle and interested admirers. The intoxication of success, following close upon the absorbing studies and the doubts and fears that beset the debutante, must be a severe trial to the sensitive and ardent young creature, who, when acknowledged as "prima donna," finds the world at her feet, and is the cynosure of the great, the gifted, and the wealthy of society.

"As the interpreter of the ideas of genius, she partakes of the triumphs of the composer, and is rewarded not only by munificent payment, but with the incense of popular applause and the homage of admirers; never appearing but to elicit fresh tokens of admiration.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the temptations of such a career should sometimes prove too great for virtue or prudence to resist; indeed, the wonder is, that so many favourite singers have escaped the snares and pitfalls that surround their steps. The descent from the pinnacle of fame and fortune is often sudden and disastrous, and the perils of her who attains the giddy height of popularity, are such as to need a cool head and a steadfast heart, and the controlling power of high principle."

Not only, however, from the introduction to these interesting and instructive volumes could we quote sufficient to prove the excellent management of the materials at the author's disposal, but to one of the most interesting biographical sketches itself we would direct attention, as evidence of the modesty, without melodramatic affectation, which characterizes the volume from the first page to the last. It is obvious the author has judiciously culled her facts from the most reliable sources—from the most eminent historians of music and musical biographers—from contemporary memoirs and works on miscellaneous subjects in which the Opera and its celebrities are incidentally spoken of. The first volume contains nineteen sketches, and the second twenty. Among the latter is a well-written memoir of Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, giving us an outline of the early history and struggles of this most generous and estimable Queen of Song—how at three years old singing was her ruling passion, and how she attracted the notice of Fran Lundberg, an actress, who heard her sing, and by whom she was conveyed to Crocetti, a music master well known in Stockholm, who, enthusiastic about the abilities of his new pupil, induced the lessee of the Court Theatre to patronize her. Perhaps with questionable taste, the authoress gives the remarks of this theatrical manager more prominent notice than they deserve, but they are illustrative of the difficulties which the persevering artiste had to contend against in early life. As a specimen of the unassuming style of the authoress, and as one of the many hundreds of interesting anecdotes which are contained in these well-written pages, to which at some future period we shall again return, we quote the following from the memoir to which we have referred—

"When she was twelve, the sunny aspect of her future was suddenly clouded, and her ambitious hopes crushed; for her voice began to lose somewhat of its silvery tone, and the upper notes vanished. In vain she tried to recover them. The hope of training her as a singer for the grand opera was therefore abandoned. She had outgrown her childish parts without becoming qualified for more advanced ones, and was soon forgotten by the public which had once admired her. Forbidden to exercise her voice, the only consolation to the unhappy girl was continuing her instrumental and theoretical musical studies, to which she devoted herself for the space of four years.

"It happened towards the close of this painful period that a grand concert was given at the theatre; and the fourth act of Meyerbeer's 'Robert le Diable' formed the chief feature of the programme. The part of Alice in this act, consisting of one solo only, was very unpopular among the singers, and Herr Berg, remembering the unlucky Jenny, offered to her the objectionable role. She meekly consented to appear, though with a nervous agitation which threatened to destroy what powers she yet possessed; and, with a heart palpitating with mingled hope and foreboding, she began to study her part. On the evening of the concert she presented herself almost unnoticed. She was in a state of nervous excitement and trepidation, though nobody noticed the obscure singer who took the despised character of Alice. But when she sang the air allotted to her, it seemed as if a miracle had been wrought in her favour, for every note of her register had recovered its beauty and sweetness. A burst of applause saluted her: every eye was directed towards her, and the young vocalist became the heroine of the evening. No one was more astonished than Herr Berg, who, the next day, informed Jenny that she was considered qualified to undertake the role of Agatha, in Weber's 'Der Freischütz.'

Towards this character the secret ambition of Jenny Lind had long yearned; for it was the one which first awakened her artistic sympathies. To study it deeply had been with her a labour of love, and she looked forward with joy to be able to represent it worthily one day. Her discouragements and disappointments were now all forgotten, and the dream of her hopes seemed to be at length realized. At the rehearsal preceding the representation of the evening, she sang in such a manner that the members of the orchestra laid down their instruments, and clapped their hands with rapturous applause. 'I saw her at the evening representation,' says Frederika Bremer. 'She was then in the spring of life, fresh, bright, and serene as a morning in May; perfect in form; her hands and her arms peculiarly graceful and lovely in her whole appearance. She seemed to move, speak, and sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Her singing was distinguished especially by its purity and the power of soul which seemed to swell in her tones. Her mezzo voice was delightful. In the night-scene where Agatha, seeing her lover coming, breathes out her joy in rapturous song, our young singer, on turning from the window at the back of the stage, to the spectators again, was pale for joy. And in that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of outflowing love and life, that called forth not the mirth, but the tears of the auditors.'

Next in interest to these valuable additions to every musical library, should be mentioned the new volume, issued by Messrs. Longman, of the *Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy from 1833 to 1837*, translated by Lady Wallace, which we incidentally noticed on page 5. The last volume, just published, forms a sequel to a former edition of Mendelssohn's *Letters*, which comprised only a period of his youth. The present collection commences from the termination of the last volume, and continues down to a few days before his death. As in our first notice of this highly interesting volume, we shall endeavour, by the few extracts we are enabled to make, to awaken curiosity and interest in the minds of our readers sufficient

to induce them to procure the volume for themselves, for these letters will not only repay a careful perusal, but will at all times afford pleasure, if only used for occasional reference. They are eminently qualified, as the translator observes in the preface, to make the writer "personally known, not only to the world, but, above all, to his countrymen." They will greatly assist in producing a correct impression of his life and character, accompanying him as they do through the most varied relations of his life and vocation, and thus lay claim, at least partially, to another kind of interest than that of the period of gay though not insignificant enjoyment depicted by him in the letters written during his travels. Perhaps, however, more intensely interesting, than for any other reason, are these letters for the minute details of the pure and elevated happiness which Mendelssohn enjoyed in his most intimate domestic relations. In the best taste, many letters which, as the translator observes, "are the peculiar treasure of his family," have been expressly withheld, but sufficient are given, to speak eloquently of the pure, lofty thought and aspirations of this truly great composer. There is an originality and purity of thought and expression to be found in many of these letters which may be said to be truly Mendelssohnian, and many extracts, such as the following, may be culled, breathing a spirit of poetic philosophy—

"It is always to be deplored when any but genuine artists attempt to purify and restore the public taste. On such a subject words are only pernicious; deeds alone are efficient. For even if people do really feel this antipathy towards the present, they cannot as yet give anything better to replace it, and therefore they had best let it alone. Palestrina effected a reformation during his life; he could not do so now any more than Sebastian Bach or Luther. The men are yet to come who will advance on the straight road; and who will lead others onwards, or back to the ancient and right path, which ought, in fact, to be termed the onward path; but they will write no books on the subject."

"How could you for one moment imagine that I was annoyed by your showing the text to Schneider? Why should I take umbrage at that? I hope you do not consider me one of those who, when once they have an idea in their heads, guard it as jealously as a miser does his gold, and allow no man to approach till they produce it themselves. There is certainly nothing actually wrong in this, and yet such jealous solicitude is most odious in its way; and even if it were to occur, that some one should plagiarize my design, still I should feel the same; for one of the two must be best, which is all fair, or neither are good, and then it is of no consequence."

"The day after I accompanied the Hensels to Delitzsch, Chopin came; he intended only to remain one day, so we spent this entirely together in music. I cannot deny, dear Fanny, that I have lately found that you by no means do him justice in your judgment of his talents; perhaps he was not in a humour for playing when you heard him, which may not unfrequently be the case with him. But his playing has enchanted me afresh, and I am persuaded that if you, and my Father also, had heard some of his better pieces, as he played them to me, you would say the same. There is something thoroughly original in his pianoforte playing, and at the same time so masterly, that he may be called a most perfect virtuoso; and as every style of perfection is welcome and acceptable, that day was most agreeable to me, although so entirely different from the previous ones with you.—the Hensels.

"It was so pleasant for me to become more with a thorough musician, and not with those half virtuosos and half classics, who would gladly combine 'les honneurs de la vertu et les plaisirs du vice,' but with one who has his perfect and well-defined phase; and however far asunder we may be in our different spheres, still I can get on famously with such a person; but not with those half-and-half people. Sunday evening was really remarkable, when Chopin made me play over my oratorio to him, while curious Leipzigers stole into the room to see him, and when between the first and second part he dashed into his new studies and a new concerto, to the amazement of the Leipzigers, and then I resumed my 'St. Paul.' It was just as if a Cherokee and a Kafir had met to converse. He has also such a lovely new nocturno, a considerable part of which I learnt by ear for the purpose of playing it for Paul's amusement. So we got on most pleasantly together; and he promised faithfully to return in the course of the winter, when I intended to compose a new symphony, and to perform it in honour of him."

"I think that there is a vast distinction between reformation or reforming, and revolution, &c. Reformation is that which I desire to see in all things, in life and in art, in politics and in street pavement, and Heaven knows in what else besides. Reformation is entirely negative against abuses, and only removes what obstructs the path; but a revolution, by means of which all that was formerly good (and really good) is no longer to continue, is to me the most intolerable of all things, and is, in fact, only a fashion. Therefore, I would not for a moment listen to Fanny, when she said that Lafont's playing could inspire no further interest since the revolution effected by Paganini; for if his playing ever had the power to interest me, it would still do so, even if in the mean time I had heard the Angel Gabriel on the violin. It is just this, however, that those Frenchmen I alluded to can form no conception of; that what is good, however old, remains always new, even although the present must differ from the past, because it emanates from other and dissimilar men."

We must conclude our literary notes and notices by allusion to the first instalment of the promised five volumes of poetry, edited by Mr. David Page, and to be published by Messrs. Nimmo, Edinburgh, entitled *Life-Lights of Song*. These volumes are to comprise Songs of God and Nature, Songs of Love and Brotherhood, Songs of Life and Labour, Songs of Worth and Honour, Songs of Home and Fatherland; for, as the editor observes, "while numerous selections of poetry have been published—some to indicate the thought of the age, others the peculiar styles of the authors; some to exhibit beauty of sentiment, and others merely to afford subjects for pictorial illustration—few have appeared possessing a definite and practical life-purpose. The object of the present selection is eminently didactic—to bring the charms of poetry and the memory of its expression to bear on the conduct and character. The first volume refers to the reverential relations that ought to subsist between man and nature and the God of nature; the second, to man's duties of love and benevolence to his fellow-men; the third, to the realities of the life and labour in which all must engage; the fourth, to the ever-guiding principles of truth and honour; and the last, to those ennobling sentiments which link mankind to their homes, hearts, and fatherlands. The aim is to embrace a circle

of life-duty, without descending to details—to enlist the attractions of poetry where the precepts of prose might fail to inculcate."

As the first volume has reached us only on the eve of going to press, we must content ourselves with a casual notice. The names of the poets from whose works the selections have been made, are sufficient guarantee for the character and value of the book. The plan of production is at once interesting and comprehensive, and the work speaks eloquently for the good taste of the editor and the care of the publishers. The volume before us is printed in a form at once elegant and durable: in a form that may be perused with pleasure in the parlour, carried with convenience in the pocket, or read with delight in the fields.

*Church Psalmody*, edited by the Rev. B. F. Carlyle, the Music revised by W. Haynes (J. Haddon); *Anthems for Congregational Worship* (J. Haddon), and other works of musical and general interest, have been received too late for notice this month. Books for review should reach us before the 20th.

#### THACKERAY'S PORTRAITS.

THERE are three draughtsmen whose portraits in chalk take rank apart, by virtue of their peculiarly intellectual and refined quality, no less than their perfection of drawing. These are Mr. G. H. Watts, Mr. George Richmond, and Mr. Samuel Lawrence. That of these three artists Mr. Richmond alone should have obtained the honours of the Academy is one of many indications how little the distribution of those honours is guided by the true distinction of the artist, as estimated by the finest tastes.

Each of these draughtsmen has his distinctive merits. Mr. Richmond stands pre-eminent for the delicacy, amenity, and refinement of his work. But in aiming at these qualities he often misses the strength of strongly-marked heads, and generally satisfies us least in the portraits of men whose leading character is power.

Mr. Watts gives evidence of a rarer imaginative quality. While working under the influence of the most refined sensibility to beauty, he is as much at home in expressing power, whether of imagination (as in his head of Tennyson), of scientific insight (as in his portrait of Herschel), of practical vigour and adventurous energy (as in his likenesses of Rawlinson and Layard), of command (as in his Sir John Lawrence), or statesmanship (as in his Gladstone and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe). If Richmond is the man to draw our foremost lawyers, divines, politicians, or social celebrities, we should go to Watts for the greater lights of our system,—our poets, our statesmen, as distinguished from our politicians,—in a word, for the worthies whose words and works will stamp and mould their time for posterity.

Samuel Lawrence is less known to the public than either of the contemporaries with whom we are now classing him. Even their fame is esoteric, rather than exoteric; the property of certain sets and circles, rather than of the public. That of Richmond is wider than that of Watts, but that of Lawrence is more limited still. This is due partly to his recent absence of some years in the United States, partly to his voluntary seclusion in the study of the methods of the old masters, particularly the Venetians. But real lovers of art are aware of powers in this painter, however unshowy and little calculated to win popularity, which fully justify us in assigning him a place by the side of men like Watts and Richmond. In colour he has not yet quite succeeded in what he aims at; but as a draughtsman, and working in black and white, he is one of the largest and most dignified, as well as most vigorous and truthful portrait-designers that this country has ever had. All good judges who know his life-size chalk portraits will, we are satisfied, indorse this opinion.

Mr. Lawrence drew the last portrait for which Thackeray set to a painter. It has been photographed by Mr. Ayling (493 New Oxford Street), and the photograph is now before us. It requires no small merit in a drawing, or photograph from one, to hold its own against the direct work of the sun. Whatever may be the demerits of Phœbus Apollo as a painter, he has qualities which make him a tremendously formidable rival to the limner, who has to trust the unaided powers of pencil or portecrayon. But it only needs a comparison of Mr. Lawrence's photographed drawing with any of the heads photographed from Thackeray himself to feel that good work of the human brain and hand—even when it is but the transcript of a living physiognomy—has in it something which cannot be got out of the soulless operation of chemicals and camera. No one who knew and loved Thackeray could hesitate a moment between the facsimile of Lawrence's drawing and the finest photograph ever taken from the noble head of the living Thackeray. Mr. Lawrence made two portraits of Thackeray. The first, taken many years ago, for Lady Ashburton, has been engraved, and may now be seen in many of the print-sellers' windows. It represents his haughtier or more defiant expression, with the head held high, as Thackeray's head was wont to be held when he denounced meanness, fired up at wrong, or warmed into praise of goodness or greatness.

The second portrait is the one just photographed, and is the property of Chief Baron Pollock. Thackeray knew and appreciated the painter. His way of giving him the commission for this portrait was very characteristic of the man. Meeting Mr. Lawrence at an evening party



towards the end of the summer of 1862, Thackeray said to him, "The Chief Baron was dining with me the other day, and we laid our heads together to make a little plan for a painter-friend of ours to take each of our heads off; so, Mr. Painter, execute thine office on that dear old Chief Baron whenever thou canst catch him; on me at thy leisure." Thackeray's portrait was drawn at his new house in Kensington Palace-gardens. The painter made two drawings of the Chief Baron. Thackeray, when called on to choose between them, complained, "You make me feel like the ass between the bundles of hay, but I'll take this one"—a sideface, which hung in his dining-room at Kensington to the time of his death.

In this portrait of 1862 Thackeray is represented in an attitude which all who knew him will recognise as characteristic and familiar,—reading, with the page held almost perpendicular, and near the face. There is the power of the nobly-arched brow, the softness, yet keenness, of the candid eyes, and the sensibility and sweetness of the delicately-curved and finely-cut mouth, which in his face so perfectly redeemed the effect of the nose, early flattened by the fist of a schoolfellow at the Charterhouse. It is such a likeness of Thackeray as his friends will like to have, and would wish strangers to identify him with. It presents him in the serenity and sweetness of his happier moments, and it is as he looked in such moments that those who most lament his premature death must oftenest call him up to remembrance.

For such a likeness we have every reason to be grateful to Mr. Lawrence, and to the photographer's art, which multiplies copies of such a drawing so cheaply.—*Times*.

## London Sights and Sounds.

THE New Year has been inaugurated by some concerts which deserve prominent notice. Mr. Howard Glover's monster concert, one on the 2nd of January, at St. James's Hall, followed by another of the same colossal character on the 31st, at Drury Lane Theatre, will be remembered as among the most interesting of the month. The programmes, though long, were most attractive; and when it is said that there was scarcely a vocal or instrumental artiste in town whose name did not appear therein, it will be sufficient to prove that to particularize items would encroach far too largely on our limited space. We must not, however, so summarily dismiss the record of the representation of the *Messiah* on the 5th ultimo, at Exeter Hall, in which Madame Lind-Goldschmidt made her appearance. It is but occasionally we now hear the notes of the "Nightingale;" and when they are heard, it is by an appeal to charitable sympathy that they are awakened. How appropriate was the announcement of a performance of the *Messiah* among the first musical events of the year in aid of the funds of the Friends of the Clergy Corporation, perhaps one of the most needy and needed of charitable institutions. An immense crowd was, of course, attracted, notwithstanding the high price of admission, and the funds must have been considerably augmented by the great soprano's kindly exertions on their behalf. Of the performance there has been but one opinion—unanimous in declaring that Time has been considerate in his treatment of Madame Goldschmidt's voice, which, if not altogether unimpaired, still retains most of that peculiar charm and beauty that a few years ago ravished the ear of the musical world. To those who were not present to hear Madame Goldschmidt's rendering of Handel's masterpiece, it is impossible to describe the intense dramatic fire and expression which she infuses into the solos committed to her charge. She sang throughout with that passionate expression and religious feeling which has placed her highest on the list of "Queens of Song" who have devoted their genius to the exposition of sacred music. It is not hyperbole to say that those who heard Madame Goldschmidt will never forget the thrilling emotion with which she sang the airs "Rejoice greatly," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" the effect she produced upon the audience was marvellous; the brilliancy in the execution of the former contrasting forcibly with the devotional reading of the latter. The interest of the audience was of course concentrated in the efforts of the great soprano, but she was ably supported by Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Weiss, who fully sustained their reputation. The excellent band and chorus were kept in capital order under the direction of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, and the performance was altogether unexceptionable.

On Tuesday the 19th, a numerous assembly of musical amateurs were invited to Lord Fitzgerald's, to hear two trios by a new and young composer, Mr. W. Beale. The author had every advantage—the best artistes to interpret his works, and a truly musical audience to listen. Mr. Henry Blagrove was the violinist, Herr Karl Klindworth pianist, and Herr Daubert violoncello. Mr. Beale has one element of success—ambition; for he aims with "no middle flight to soar." He issued a printed address, in which he stated, that "he would wish to make it understood that he had departed completely from the Haydn form (except in what may be called the opening movements), and has written each trio massing the various conceptions into one ensemble. Whether the object of greater scope for contrapuntal and harmonic treatment has been attained, he leaves to the judgment of his auditors."

Although we cannot compliment Mr. Beale upon the

clearness or elegance of his English in his prefatory address, his courage in the defiance of established rules shows a determination to avoid the rock upon which our young composers are so often wrecked—a servile copy of the classical school, and that school narrowed by a predilection for the works of some great master. The first grand trio, in F sharp minor, consisted of four movements blended into one. The ear becomes wearied and longs for repose by this arrangement. It is much to be doubted, in many respects, if the innovation is an improvement. The march in 6-8 time is well conceived and excellently treated; the change into common time leads to a *crescendo* that was worked up to a climax, with powerful and dramatic effect. The last movement has an effective close, with a startling interrupted cadence. The music is characterized by the wildest flights of fancy, interspersed with fine thoughts, running about like an uncurbed and frightened steed. By a judicious appliance of bit, bridle, spur, and whip, this untrained barb may become a noble steed. Mr. W. Beale has, fortunately, had exponents who surmounted perilous difficulties, and none possessing less mechanical skill could play the trio. Mr. Beale has to learn the noble dignity of simplicity; he has a fine free style, and promises exceedingly well. The audience loudly applauded each trio.

The theatres during this month have been filled by happy groups of all ages, and the joyous ringing of the laughter of youth and the clapping of tiny hands has made merry the inauguration of the new year. Pantomime, Burlesque, and Extravaganza reign paramount. Harlequins, Clowns, Pantaloons, Sprites, and all their mirth-provoking train arise like clouds of brilliant insects, flutter a few weeks amid gorgeous transformation scenes, and as suddenly disappear.

Until the holidays are over, very little change is likely to take place in the theatrical horizon. This is the season of the year that managers look forward to with visions of a well-filled treasury. This is the harvest that is to pay for the shortcomings of the autumn, during which time the attractions of the seaside, the country, and the Continent, render a beggarly account of empty boxes by no means an unusual occurrence.

Amidst all these joyous scenes of Pantomime, Burlesque, and Extravaganza, a scream of agony blanched the cheeks and chilled the blood of the crowd at the Pavilion Theatre. A poor woman was encircled with flames, her spangled gauze blazing around her. Assistance was speedily rendered, but the poor burned victim was only removed to linger and to die. Madame Marie Charles was her name: she was well known to the profession, having been some years in the *corps de ballet* at Drury Lane and other London theatres. It is very sad to think that managers of theatres do not insist that the dresses of the actresses should be rendered inflammable, which can be done at so small a cost as not to average a penny each dress.

A special notice of the operetta of *Fanchette*, at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, will be found elsewhere in our columns. *Harlequin St. George and the Dragon*, offer all the facilities for scenic display for which this house is famous: moreover, the opening is from the fertile pen of Henry J. Byron.

The popularity of Gounod's *Faust*, says the *Observer*, is not yet on the wane, if we may judge by the large audience which attended the performance last night at Her Majesty's Theatre—the commencement of a brief series of representations in the English language. The version in question is the one that was prepared by Mr. H. F. Chorley for the Pyne and Harrison management, though a disbelief in its merit, and a fatal misconception as to its commercial worth, led to its rejection even after having been put into rehearsal. Upon this occasion managerial sagacity certainly slept; for, if it had been produced as intended, the chances are that the success which so triumphantly awaited the opera in 1863, would have been anticipated, and have been of essential service to an establishment notoriously "out of suite" with fortune. The favour which has followed this most lucky opera has, in a word, been unprecedented in our time, and has been conceded not only here, but in every lyrical theatre in Europe. Nor is this strong and universal public predilection likely to be soon dissipated. The story is familiar and romantic, and this perhaps has had something to do with the extraordinary vogue that the opera has attained; but, irrespective of this, there is a suggestive and abiding charm in the music—a spirit of graceful picturesqueness, and an undeviating vein of originality—which makes its own separate and independent appeal. The music of *Faust*, in short, has now become household property, and has unquestionably taken a position both indoors and out of doors, from which it will not soon be dislodged. Mr. Chorley's English version is described as an "imitation" from the French, and answers the purpose well enough, though as a literary effort it is by no means remarkable. In some instances last night, it may be mentioned, another text was used.

The present cast, if not, as a whole, quite so strong as when the opera was brought out under Mr. Mapleson's management, is in several respects excellent. To the ability shown by Mr. Sims Reeves in the part of *Faust* we have upon former occasions done every justice. The ominous placard, which so often announces the "sudden indisposition" of this finished artist, did not, happily, make its appearance last night, and Mr. Reeves was not only forthcoming, but sang in his best manner. His interpretation of the exquisite *morceau*, "All hail, thou dwelling, pure and holy!" (*Salve dimora*), was beautiful—as chaste in expression as in delivery. In fact, he rendered the

whole of the garden scene—particularly the love passages with Marguerite—with the utmost delicacy and refinement. In Madame Lemmens-Sherrington we had a new "Gretchen." As in the case of Miolan Carvalho, the music lies well within this lady's voice, while her especial gifts of fluency give her a peculiar command over those sections of it—and they are not unfrequent—where this class of executancy is essentially needed. Her singing, so far, was all that could be wished, but in the more tragic moments, as in the scene in the vicinity of the cathedral, the tones of Mdlle. Titiens, so noble in themselves, and so consonant with the sentiment of the situation, were comparatively wanting. The general personation, however, was of an extremely gentle and prepossessing kind. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington is too good and adroit a vocalist not to render Gounod's graphic music with unimpeachable point and fidelity. How well and how brilliantly she sings the famous "Bijou song" need not be told, for it has been one of her most successful achievements in the concert-room. The "Valentine" of Mr. Santley has lost none of its former characteristics, while it has gained further importance from the fact that M. Gounod has enriched the part with a new cavatina, based upon the leading theme of the overture, charmingly laid out for the voice, and most engagingly instrumented, but followed by a somewhat commonplace cabaret. That Mr. Santley would recommend this song by the choicest singing, will be easily understood; and that a determined encore should follow, was but in the inevitable course of things. Mdlle. Florence Lancia, if not exactly a Trebelli, made a pleasing and unaffected "Siebel," and Signor Marchesi resumed the part of "Mephistopheles," which fell into his hands during the incidental week when Mr. Mapleson opened the theatre in October last. The large and efficient orchestra belonging to Her Majesty's Theatre has been engaged for these performances; also, the experienced Signor Arditi—unsurpassed in vigilance and decision—as conductor.

Mr. Edmund Falconer's New Drama of *Night and Morning*, united to the great success of the pantomime of *Sindbad the Sailor*, fills the walls of Old Drury, as the affectionate frequenters love to call Drury Lane Theatre. *Bel Demonio*, with Mr. Fechter, as the hero, reigns triumphant at the Lyceum, and the scene introduced by Mr. Sothern in the new version of *Lord Dundreary* is a decided hit. It is a strange revolution in public taste at the Haymarket Theatre, a temple associated with the triumphs of the greatest ornaments of our drama, that a comic bedroom scene personated by Mr. Buckstone, and the leading comedian of the theatre, should be so great a success. The fun consists in knocking out the lights with a hair brush, jumping into bed in full dress, clowning and thrusting up the clothes, with crossed legs—smoking a cigar in bed, firing pistols and startling the house; then, as a climax, the ladies and visitors in night dresses rushing in, while Mr. Buckstone emerges dripping from a shower bath,—and then the curtain drops amid uproarious plaudits of a modern Haymarket public. What a change since our fathers' days!—are we really progressing in our tastes?

At the Princess's, Mr. Westland Marston has again succeeded in producing a new comedy that is truly welcomed by the lovers of the legitimate drama. *Donna Diana* is a subject confessedly taken from the Spanish of Moreto. The plot has become familiar to the stage, not only in Spain, but in France, Italy, and Germany. The subject is treated excellently well, the verse is smooth and yet forcible, while the construction is skillfully managed to work with gradually increasing interest. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Vezin, with Mr. Vining, sustain the principal characters.

Mr. Charles Mathews made his familiar bow to the audience at the St. James's in his own character, *As cool as a Cucumber*. The sensational drama of the *Ticket of Leave Man* has long passed the 200th night of representation, and the Olympic Theatre continues its prosperous career.

Mr. Henry J. Byron has been marvellously fertile at the Strand, in the burlesque of *Orpheus and Eurydice*. He has moved a step in the right direction; the verse is more polished, there is less of the still too prominent Nigger element, while the musical selections are better chosen and executed with more care than in any of his previous writings of this class. Mr. George Honey's acting and make-up of "Pluto" were very artistic. Miss Marie Wilton is a charming "Orpheus."

At the Adelphi, *Leah* continues an unceasing attraction, and Miss Bateman is the reigning favourite. The public welcomed heartily their old favourite from the Strand, Mr. J. Clarke, in H. J. Byron's *La belle Belle*, this being his first appearance since his accident.

Mr. Tom Matthews, the famous clown, met with an accident while performing his part of "Ali, the Merchant," at Drury Lane; and although he is still unable to perform, he is in a fair way towards speedy recovery.

Miss Terry, of the Lyceum, having been ill, her part has been played by Miss Heurde.

Mr. Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*, gave a reading of *Hearts are Trumps* to a very large audience in aid of the United Kingdom Railway Officers' and Servants' Association. The large room of the Bridge-house Hotel, Southwark, was well filled. Captain Meek, of Brimtree Park, was in the chair.

Mr. W. Hancock, the author of *Marygate Sands*, now playing at the Strand Theatre, has written several letters to the newspapers disclaiming the accusation of a literary piracy, of which their critics had accused him. This arose from the similarity of his piece to a farce called



*Bathing*, by Mr. James Bruton. Upon examining Mr. Bruton's farce, there is certainly no ground for this accusation, further than in both pieces the men bathe and exchange clothes; in every other respect the plot and dialogue are original; certainly less copied than the majority of our adaptations from the French, which so often rejoice in an English author's name on the title page.

Visitors to Town will be delighted with a visit to the South Kensington Museum; the improvements are progressing rapidly, and the space where the loan collection was exhibited is to be devoted to the exhibition of the various stages of art manufactures.

The lovers of modern British art will be glad to hear that Mr. Holman Hunt is painting a picture of London Bridge on the night of the illuminations in honour of the arrival of the Princess of Wales.

At Messrs. Lloyds Brothers, Gracechurch Street, a very fine picture is on view, painted by a young artist, Mr. H. L. Roberts. The subject is in illustration of the parable of the Sower, as interpreted by our Lord. It is divided into four compartments, the last, "The Harvest," is very fine in richness and harmony of colour.

The sight of the streets of London is not an imposing spectacle; but if our readers will examine Mr. Sandford's map of the projected railways, they may have a glimpse of the future. Over fifty are to be brought before the Legislature next session. What with extension of old lines and new ones projected, our streets will be sadly mutilated. Fancy seven or eight railways crossing the Strand, and this is no idle fancy, it is seriously contemplated. Some idea may be formed of the Gothic taste of the day by a visit to the station at London Bridge. These plans contain schemes necessitating the destruction of many old landmarks and sites of historical and local interest.

In consequence of a domestic affliction, Miss L. Thorne was unable to appear in Mr. Thoughton's comedy, entitled *Unlimited Confidence*, and it is postponed until Feb. 1st.

The New Royalty is nightly crowded; Mr. Burnard's burlesque of *Ion* continues as attractive as ever. A new actress, Miss Teresa, has made a very successful debut as "Mercury." The management have been fortunate in their selection of this most promising young lady, who sings, dances, and acts with equal grace.

The English Opera Association have issued a prospectus stating that they are enabled to commence proceedings. The Earl of Westmorland is chairman of the committee, and they have engaged the Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, during the autumn and winter season. Monday the 1st of October is named as the opening night. The following quotation from their prospectus, will give some idea of their arrangements:—

"The directors believe that the agreement that they have made with Mr. Gye is a most advantageous one; for that gentleman has consented to participate in their fortunes, and has allowed the amount of his rental to depend on the receipts of the association, instead of demanding a positive and fixed payment. The Directors will also have the great advantage of the excellently-organized staff of Mr. Gye's theatre, who have for so many years worked together under his direction. Mr. Alfred Mellon is to be the musical conductor, Mr. William Beverley the scenic artist, and Mr. Augustus Harris, the stage manager. In consequence of this arrangement, the directors will not only have a theatre ready in every respect for their occupation, but will also have the use of a large amount of scenery, properties, and other material, without any outlay on their part. The amount of capital necessary to commence operations will therefore be but small, and the directors do not at present contemplate the issue of more than 10,000 shares."

#### THE FORTHCOMING SEASON.

THE great Societies are issuing their prospectuses for the new season, with the usual amount of fair promises and tempting announcements. First of all, in age and rank, comes the Philharmonic Society, now in the fifty-second year of its existence. The directors are fortunate in still being able to boast of their conductor; the baton will this year once again be placed in the hands of that eminent and learned musician, Professor Sterndale Bennett. This alone is a sufficient guarantee for the purity of the programmes, and the excellence of the performances. Eight concerts are announced, commencing February 29. This society's younger sister and rival, the New Philharmonic, has a society appended to its operations for the practice of vocal works, consisting of motets, madrigals, part-songs, &c., and instrumental works, comprising quartets, trios, sonatas, &c., to be performed by the members and distinguished visitors at the discretion of the directors. These meetings will be under the superintendence of the New Philharmonic Society, and will be independent in working, though included in subscription, from the New Philharmonic concerts. Professor Wyld is the sole director and conductor of these. In the prospectus, five concerts are announced for the present season, the society's thirteenth, beginning on April 13.

Next in order of age, we have the Musical Society of London. Although only in its sixth year of existence, this society has taken a prominent place among the art institutions of London, which it seems fully able to main-

tain, if we may judge from the first concert, which took place on Wednesday evening, January 27. As all societies put out their strength for the opening night, we are justified in taking this concert as a specimen of the directors' intentions and performances for the future; and from the variety and excellence of the selection, as well as the performance, we augur well for the present season. The principal feature of the programme was Spohr's great instrumental masterpiece, the *Power of Sound*. A new overture by M. Gounod was performed, as well as two favourite overtures by Beethoven and Mozart. As it took place so late in the month, we are obliged to postpone a full account of this interesting concert till next month.

The Monday Popular Concerts are in full work, and deserve their title of "popular" as much as ever.

Of vocal societies, the Sacred Harmonic gave a performance of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* on the 29th. Mr. Henry Leslie's next concert is announced for February 4. In the programme we are glad to see an English *chef-d'œuvre*—*In Exitu Israel*, by S. Wesley.

Another new society has been started, as a candidate for public favour, under the title of "The Harmonists." The conductor is Mr. Joseph Barnby, the organist and director of the choir of St. Andrew's, Wells Street. The Harmonists are to sing part-music for male voices only.

With all this musical apparatus, and much else, which want of space compels us to leave unnoticed, the forthcoming London season promises, as far as concerts are concerned, to be as prolific in quantity and variety of music as it does to be good in quality.

### Paris Sights and Sounds.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PATTI! the Patti! is now our theme. It has been "Patti à Madrid," "Patti en Belge," "Patti à Amsterdam," but now it is "Patti à Paris." Yes, Patti is the bright comet of our theatrical heaven, before which ordinary planets and commonplace stars must pale their ineffectual rays. What a burst of enthusiastic applause greeted the *rentrée* of Mademoiselle Adelina at the Théâtre Italien, as "Amina" in *La Sonnambula*, on Sunday the 10th inst. What a difference between those hearty and irrepressible hand-clappings and the complaisant plaudits with which a Parisian audience greets its ordinary favorites! Not her audiences only, but the most critical musical journals, are in ecstasies with the young cantatrice. "The young and adorable syren, whose throat pours forth notes pure as gold," says *L'Art Musical*, "is eminently sympathetic; she has such a winning simplicity in her manners; she possesses such a charm, such a warm attraction, that we are led to admire her as we admire a marvel of Raffaele. She has put aside traits of equivocal taste, and has bent her mind upon perfecting her manner. Now her singing is irreproachable; not a shade is forgotten; and if sometimes she is slightly wanting in energy of expression, we cannot consider it a fault. She could not exhibit that which would not become the character of a young girl, in all her simplicity and all her poetry." Such is a fair sample of the adulation offered to the young singer, whose brain might well be turned by her late triumphs. The part of "Elvino" was sustained by M. Nicolini, who suffered under the double disadvantage of bad health and a hasty study of his rôle. Although an excellent tenor, the part is scarcely suited to his style; but as he requested the indulgence of the audience, I must refrain from criticism. Signor Giraltoni, as the barytone, requires no notice, as he excited no attention. The Emperor and Empress were present at the performance, and again at the second on the following Tuesday.

We have not been wanting this month in other musical and dramatic events of considerable, if secondary interest, such as the revival of *Moïse* at the Grand Opera, and the production of Auber's *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe* at the Opéra Comique. The latter has met with a decided, but in some respects undeserved success. The libretto is an adaptation by M. Eugène Scribe of one of Boccaccio's stories, and, as may be judged from its source, the plot involves the development of not the purest moral incidents. But the composer has often, either to satisfy his own perverted taste, or more probably that of the public, wedded the notes of his genius to such productions, and the music gilds the pill to those who otherwise would not readily swallow it. When will the French learn that good taste is inseparable from good morals? Such a work as this meets with little reprobation here, and when *La France Musicale* says, "All this forms a most graceful ensemble, which fascinates and charms you, while the music enchants and delights you," it is no unworthy exponent of public opinion.

The withdrawal of M. Berlioz's *Trois*, at the Théâtre Lyrique, and the approaching substitution of M. Gounod's opera *Mireille* has given much satisfaction. The former was too solid a work for the taste of gay Parisian opera-goers, who have no appreciation for serious music; yet serious music of another kind flourishes in this metropolis, and the musical journals are studded with reports of

chamber concerts. Popular concerts, too, are now supported in some of our large towns, after the fashion of the London "popular" concerts. To wit, Toulouse has established her "concerts populaires," the first of which recently took place in the town-hall, with the following programme:—A major symphony (Mendelssohn), Haydn's "Kaiser Franz Variations," Polonaise from *Struensee*, and the overtures to *Preciosa* and *Oberon*.

To return to the Grand Opera, the representations of *Moïse* have followed without interruption, amid a growing enthusiasm for the work and for its two chief interpreters, Mademoiselle Battu and M. Faure. To Mademoiselle Taisy, and MM. Warot, Obin, and Bonnesseur, the public accord due praise for the zeal and talent they employ in rendering the execution perfect as a whole. At the representation of Wednesday the 13th inst., M. Faure had a fainting fit, which much prolonged the interval between the acts; but the artists presently recovered, and the representation was continued and satisfactorily concluded.

The recent edict granting freedom to the theatrical craft is much discussed here, and much satisfaction is expressed at its complete and unequivocal character. "The liberty of the theatres," says the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, "is an accomplished fact: the decree which consecrates the promises of the preliminary speech has appeared in the *Moniteur*; and, contrary to ordinary usage, all the expectations founded upon the promises have been surpassed. What will arise out of this new order of things, none can say, and only time will teach us. Meanwhile, the old subventioned and privileged theatres have not the less followed the course of their labours regulated by the old law."

M. Camilla Saint-Saëns announces a series of concerts well calculated to excite the interest of lovers of good and serious music. He proposes to give, with orchestral accompaniment, Mozart's concertos for the pianoforte. These concerts, six in number, will be divided into two series, and the first is fixed for the 12th February.

On Sunday the 17th was inaugurated the new society, "L'Athénée Musical," in the Boulevard Saint-Germain. M. de Raousset-Boulbon had the direction of the musical entertainment, which consisted of a grand orchestral concert, with choruses, solo singers, and instrumentalists.

Mademoiselle Carlotta Patti, the elder sister of Mademoiselle Adelina, has been singing at Brussels, and by the force of her name has attracted general attention, which has ended only in disappointment. Her first concert, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, drew a very numerous audience, allured by most audacious puffery. It appears that the young cantatrice completely failed in this first trial, and the *Indépendance*, although known to be favourably disposed towards Mademoiselle Carlotta, did not attempt to conceal this annoying result, although it attributed it to emotion—the blanket which is held out to break violent falls. Those who are able to read between the lines, as the French say, will not be deceived by the phrases of the *Indépendance*. A second concert took place, the success of which the *Guide Musical* of Brussels declares to have been negative.

THE FRAUDULENT TRADE MARKS ACT, which came into operation on the 1st of January, seems likely to find its first use in protecting the public and honest manufacturers from the frauds which are so rife in the matter of pianoforte selling. Two cases have been brought to the police courts in which the magistrates have granted summonses against auctioneers for selling pianos bearing the forged labels of well-known firms. Innocent bargain-hunters should know that the fabrication of worthless instruments, to be sold under all sorts of seducing pretexts—the property of clergymen's widows, or of governesses in distress, &c. &c.—is a systematic business. Most readers of the *Times* will recollect seeing, repeated verbatim for years together, advertisements of sundry "walnut cottages," and the like, to be sold at remarkable bargains, under pressure of most special circumstances. These marvels usually bear the names of popular makers.—*The Reader*.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**NOTICE OF REMOVAL.**—In consequence of the premises at our former address proving inadequate to meet the unexpected requirements of the Publishing, Lithographic, and Letter-press Printing Departments, the Proprietors have been necessitated to remove their offices to more convenient and capacious premises, at 33 Frith Street, Soho Square, London, W., where alone, in future, business in connection with THE MUSICAL MONTHLY will be conducted.

Musical and Literary contributions should be addressed to the Editors, 33 Frith Street, Soho Square, London, W.

Books and Music for review will be received by Messrs. Hall, Allen, and Smart, 25 Paternoster Row, E.C., or at the Office of THE MUSICAL MONTHLY.

Several budgets of MSS. and other contributions, requested by their authors to be returned, are detained for remittance of return postage. Having now completed our literary staff, we cannot promise to return rejected contributions in future.

TO THE TRADE.—The Third Edition of THE MUSICAL MONTHLY (No. 1) for January is now ready, and can be obtained from all Book and Music Sellers.



## Fiction.

## MODESTE MIGNON.

## CHAPTER I—continued.

Modeste raised her head on hearing Dumay say to Exupère: "Come hither young man!" And when she saw them talking in a corner of the parlour, she thought it was concerning some commission for Paris. She regarded the friends who surrounded her as if surprised at their silence, and exclaimed in the most natural manner: "Why, you are not playing!" pointing to the green table, which Madame Latournelle grandly termed the altar.

"Let us play," exclaimed Dumay, who had just dismissed Exupère.

"Sit there, Butscha," said Madame Latournelle, separating the head clerk by the length of the table from the group formed by Madame Mignon and her daughter.

"And you, come here!" said Dumay to his wife, directing her to take a seat by his side.

Madame Dumay, a little American lady, thirty-six years of age, stealthily wiped away some tears: she adored Modeste, and expected a catastrophe.

"You are not cheerful this evening," remarked Modeste.

"We are playing," replied Gobenheim, who was arranging his cards.

However interesting this situation may appear, it will be more so when we explain the position of Dumay in regard to Modeste. If the consciousness of this retrospect should render it dry, its dryness may be excused as the result of a desire to finish this scene quickly, and from the necessity of reciting the argument which dominates all dramas.

## CHAPTER II.

ANNE-FRANÇOIS-BERNARD-DUMAY, born at Vannes, went out in 1799 as a soldier in the army of Italy. His father, president of the revolutionary tribunal, made himself remarkable by such energy that the country was not habitable for him when his father, an evil-disposed lawyer, had perished on the scaffold after the 9th of Thermidor. His mother having died of grief, the son sold all that he possessed, and, at the age of twenty-two, departed for Italy, at the moment when the French arms were succumbing. He met in the department of Var a young man, who, from similar motives, was also going in search of glory, considering the battle-field less dangerous than Provence. Charles Mignon, the last scion of that family to which Paris owes the street and the mansion erected by Cardinal Mignon, had in his father a cunning man who wished to save from the claws of the Revolution the lands of La Bastie, a fine fief of the county of Arignon. Like all the timid people of his day, the Count of La Bastie, as plain Citizen Mignon, found it better for his health to assist in cutting off the heads of other people than to put his own beneath the knife. This false terrorist disappeared on the 9th of Thermidor, and was then inscribed on the list of emigrants. The lands of La Bastie were sold, and the dismantled chateau had its pepper-box towers demolished. Finally, Citizen Mignon, discovered at Orange, was executed, together with his wife and children, all except Charles Mignon, whom his father had sent to seek an asylum in the upper Alps. Dismayed by these terrible events, Charles, in a valley of Mount Genève, awaited less stormy times.

There he continued to live until 1799 upon the gold which his father had put in his hands when he stated. At last, at the age of twenty-three, with nothing to call his own but his handsome person—that Southern beauty which, when perfect, reaches the sublime, and the type of which is Antinous, the celebrated favourite of Adrian—Charles resolved to employ his Provençal daring upon the red field of war, which, after the example of many others, he adopted as a trade. As he proceeded to the dépôt of the army at Nice, he fell in with the Breton. Becoming fast comrades from the similarity of their fates and the contrast of their characters, these two infantrymen drank from the same cup at the running stream, shared the same bit of biscuit, and found themselves sergeants at the peace which followed the battle of Marengo. When war broke out afresh, Charles Mignon obtained leave to exchange into the cavalry, and thus lost sight of his comrade. The last of the Mignons of La Bastie had become in 1812 an officer of the Legion of Honour, and major in a regiment of cavalry, hoping to be reinstated as Count of La Bastie and to be advanced to a colonelcy by the emperor. Taken prisoner by the Russians, he was sent, with many others, into Siberia. On his journey he was brought into company with a poor lieutenant, in whom he recognised Dumay, without decoration, brave but unfortunate as a million of trigger-pullers with worsted epaulettes, the human canvas on which Napoleon painted his great picture of the Empire. In Siberia, as a means of killing time, the lieutenant-colonel instructed the Breton in writing and arithmetic, for his Scævola of a father had not considered it worth while to educate him. Charles found in his first comrade one of those rare hearts into which he could pour his grief as he recited his past happiness. The son of Provence had ended by encountering the chance which all handsome men seek. In 1804, at Frankfort-on-Maine, Bettina Wallenrod, the only daughter of a banker, fell in love with him, and he married her with the greater enthusiasm as she was rich, one of the beauties of the town, and as he was then only a lieutenant, with no fortune but the exceedingly doubtful future of the soldiers of that period.

Old Wallenrod, a decayed German baron (their banks are always baronial), delighted to know that the handsome lieutenant was the sole representative of the Mignons of La Bastie, approved the attachment of the blonde Bettina, whom a painter (for Frankfort then possessed one) had taken as a model for an ideal figure of Germany. Wallenrod, calling in advance his grandsons Counts of La Bastie-Wallenrod, placed in the French funds a sufficient sum to give his daughter an income of thirty thousand francs (£1,200). This dowry made but a slight inroad upon his cash-box, on account of the depression of funds. The Empire, adopting a policy very much in fashion with debtors, rarely paid interest. Charles was therefore very diffident about this investment, for he had not the same faith as the baron in the imperial eagle. The phenomenon of faith, or of admiration, which is only an ephemeral faith, is not easily established in the familiars of an idol. The mechanician distrusts the machine which the traveller admires, and the officers stood somewhat in the relation of stokers to the Napoleonic locomotive, when they were not the fuel. The Baron von Wallenrod-Tustall-Bartenstild promised then to render assistance for the housekeeping. Charles loved Bettina as well as he was beloved by her, and that is saying much; but when a Provençal is elated, all becomes natural with him in point of sentiment. And how could one help adoring a fair creature escaped from a canvas of Albert Durer. Charles had become the father of four children, of whom only two girls were living, at the time when he poured his sorrow into the heart of the Breton. Without knowing them, Dumay loved these two little ones by force of that sympathy, so well depicted by Charlet, which makes the soldier a father to all children. The eldest girl, named Bettina-Caroline, was born in 1805; the other, Marie-Modeste, in 1808. The unfortunate lieutenant-colonel, without having received any news of these dear ones, returned on foot, in 1814, across Russia and Prussia. These two friends, with whom distinction of rank no longer existed, reached Frankfort just as Napoleon landed at Cannes. Charles found his wife at Frankfort, but in mourning: She had had the misfortune of losing her father, by whom she was idolized, and who wished to see her always smiling even at his death-bed. Old Wallenrod could not survive the disasters of the Empire. When sixty-two years old, he had speculated in cotton, having faith in the genius of Napoleon, without knowing that genius is as often above, as beneath events. This last Wallenrod, of the genuine Wallenrod-Tustall-Bartenstilds, had bought up almost as many bales of cotton as the emperor had wasted men during his sublime French campaign. "*Che meirs tans le goton!*" (I die in cotton!) said this father, of the Goriot species, to his daughter, struggling to repress a pain that he dreaded; "*ed che meirs ne tefant rienne à beronne*" (and I die owing nothing to anybody)—for this French German expired endeavouring to speak the language which his daughter loved.

Happy in saving from this great and double shipwreck his wife and his two daughters, Charles returned to Paris, where the emperor appointed him lieutenant-colonel of the cuirassiers of the Guard, and made him a commander of the Legion of Honour. The aspiration of the colonel, who saw himself finally a general and a count on the first triumph of Napoleon, were extinguished in the blood-waves of Waterloo. The colonel, who was rather severely wounded, retired upon the Loire, and quitted Tours before the disbandment.

In the spring of 1816 Charles realized his income of thirty thousand francs from the funds, by which he obtained about four hundred thousand francs (£16,000), and determined to go to America to seek his fortune, and abandon a country where persecution already began to bear heavily upon the soldiers of Napoleon. He went from Paris to Havre accompanied by Dumay, whose life, by a chance not uncommon in warfare, he had saved by taking him behind him on his horse in the confusion which followed the flight of Waterloo. Dumay shared the opinions and the discouragement of the colonel. Charles, followed by the Breton as by a spaniel (the poor soldier idolized the two little girls), believed that obedience, the habit of discipline, honesty, and affection would make him as faithful a servant as he was useful. He therefore proposed to him to serve under his command in matters civilian. Dumay was delighted with his adoption into a family, in which he intended to live like misletoe upon the oak. Whilst awaiting an opportunity to embark, choosing between various ships, and speculating on the chances offered by the several places to which these were bound, the colonel heard people speaking of the brilliant destiny which the peace had prepared for Havre. While listening to the talk of two citizens, he perceived a means of fortune, and became at the same time shipowner, banker, and proprietor of land; he bought for two hundred thousand francs (£8,000) lands and houses, and despatched to New York a vessel laden with French silks, bought cheaply at Lyons. Dumay, as purser, sailed in the ship. Whilst the colonel established himself and family in the finest house of the Rue Royale, and brought to bear the prodigious intelligence of the Provençal in mastering the elements of the art of banking, Dumay realized two fortunes, for he returned with a cargo of cotton purchased at a low price. This double operation produced a vast profit to the house of Mignon. The colonel then bought the villa at Ingouville, and rewarded Dumay by presenting to him a modest residence in the Rue Royale. This faithful retainer had brought back with him from New York a pretty little wife, who had a

special fancy for everything French. Miss Grammer possessed about four thousand dollars (£800), which Dumay invested with his colonel. Dumay, become the *alter ego* of the shipowner, soon acquired the art of bookkeeping—that art which, as he said, distinguished the sergeant-majors of commerce. This frank soldier, forgotten by fortune for twenty years, thought himself the happiest man in the world on becoming proprietor of a house, which was neatly furnished by the munificence of his chief, and finding himself in receipt of twelve hundred francs (£48) by way of interest from his capital, in addition to a salary of three thousand six hundred francs (£144). Never had Lieutenant Dumay, in his dreams, hoped to obtain such a position; but it was a source of still greater happiness to find himself the pivot of the richest mercantile house in Havre. Madame Dumay, a rather pretty little American, had the misfortune to lose all her children at birth; she therefore became attached to the two girls of the Mignon family with an affection equal to that of her husband, who would have liked them better than his own children. Madame Dumay, who was the daughter of agriculturists habituated to a life of economy, contented herself with two thousand four hundred francs (£96) for her personal and household expenses. Thus every year Dumay invested two thousand and some odd hundred francs more in the house of Mignon. On examining the annual balance-sheet, the employer augmented the cashier's account by a gratuity in proportion to his services. In 1824 the amount to the credit of the cashier had risen to fifty-eight thousand francs (£2,320). It was then that Charles Mignon, Count of La Bastie (a title never assumed now), put the finishing stroke to his cashier's gratification by lodging him at the Chalet, where Modeste and her mother now lived in obscurity.

The deplorable state in which we find Madame Mignon, whom her husband had left still beautiful, was the result of the catastrophe by which his absence was occasioned. Grief had employed three years in destroying this sweet German; but it was one of those sorrows which are like worms dwelling in the heart of a fair fruit. The balance-sheet of this grief is easy to sum up. Two children, who had died in their young days, left a double *In Memoriam* in that mind, which was incapable of oblivion. The captivity of Charles in Siberia was for this loving soul a daily death. The wreck of the wealthy house of Wallenrod and the death of the rich banker upon his empty money-bags was for Bettina, amid her doubts concerning the fate of her husband, a crushing blow. The excessive joy of recovering her Charles failed to kill this German flower. Then the second overthrow of the Empire, the projected expatriation, were like fresh attacks of the same fever. Finally, ten years of unbroken prosperity, the amusements of her house (the first in Havre), the dinners, the balls, the parties of the successful merchant, the luxuries of the Mignon villa, the high consideration, the respectful esteem in which Charles was held, the undeviating affection of this man, who responded with unchanging love to love unchangeable, all had reconciled this poor woman to life. At the moment when she doubted no longer, when she anticipated a fair evening to her day of storm, an unexpected catastrophe, which had sunk into the hearts of this double family, and which we shall immediately explain, had been to her a consummation of misfortune.

In January 1826, in the midst of a *fête*, when the whole of Havre had nominated Charles as her deputy, three letters, arriving severally from New York, Paris, and London, fell like sledge-hammer blows upon the glass palace of their prosperity. In ten minutes ruin had swooped with vulture wings upon this unheard-of success, like the frost upon the Grand Army in 1812. In a single night, spent in examining accounts with Dumay, Charles Mignon had decided upon his course. The whole of the assets, without excepting even the furniture, would suffice to pay all. "Havre," said the colonel to the lieutenant, "shall never see me on foot. Dumay, I will take your sixty thousand francs (£2,400) at six per cent."—"At three, colonel," was the reply.—"At nothing, then," rejoined Charles Mignon peremptorily. "I will give you a share in my new enterprises. The Modeste, which is mine no longer, sails to-morrow; she will bear me hence. You I charge with the care of my wife and daughter. I shall never write: no news, good news!"

Dumay, always the lieutenant, made not a single inquiry of his colonel touching his projects. "I think," said he to Latournelle with a quiet air of intelligence, "that my colonel has laid out his plans." On the morrow, at daybreak, he accompanied his master on board the ship *Modeste*, about to sail for Constantinople. There, on the poop of the vessel, the Breton said to the Provençal: "What are your last orders, colonel?"—"That no man shall approach the Chalet," exclaimed the father, struggling to repress a tear. "Dumay! guard me my last child as a bull-dog would. Death to him who attempts to debauch my second daughter! Fear nothing, not even the scaffold—I will rejoice thee there."—"Colonel," replied Dumay, "attend to your business in peace; I understand you. You will find Mademoiselle Modeste as you leave her, or I shall be dead! You know me, and you know our two Pyrenean dogs. No man shall approach your daughter. Excuse my long speech!" The two soldiers threw themselves into each other's arms as men who had learnt to appreciate each other in Siberia.

That same day the *Courier du Havre* published this astounding, simple, energetic, and honest announcement:—



"The firm of Charles Mignon suspends payment. But the undersigned liquidators engage to pay all just claims. Bills becoming due will be paid to the holders from this day. The sale of the landed estates will entirely cover the liabilities."

"This announcement is made for the honour of the firm, and to avoid any disturbance of credit on the Havre exchange."

"Monsieur Charles Mignon has sailed this morning in the *Modeste* for Asia Minor, having left full powers for the realization of all his effects, even to the real estates."

"DUMAY (liquidator for bank accounts);

"LATOURNELLE (liquidator for real property);

"GOBENHEIM (liquidator for commercial bills)."

Latournelle owed his fortune to the bounty of Monsieur Mignon, who had lent him a hundred thousand francs (£4,000), in 1817, to purchase the finest practice in Havre. This poor man, without pecuniary resources, for ten years a head clerk, had then reached the age of forty, and expected to remain a head clerk all his days. He was the only one in Havre whose devotion could be compared to Dumay's; for Gobenheim took advantage of the liquidation to continue the connection and business of Monsieur Mignon, and hence arose his little banking house. Whilst unanimous regrets were expressed on the exchange, on the quays, in every house—whilst every month was filled with the panegyric of an irreproachable, honourable, and beneficent man, Latournelle and Dumay, with the silence and activity of ants, sold, realized, paid, and liquidated. Vilquin immediately offered to purchase the villa, the town house, and a farm; and Latournelle took advantage of his eagerness to obtain a good price. People wished to visit Madame and Mademoiselle Mignon, but she obeyed Charles by secluding herself at the Chalet the very morning of his departure, which was concealed from her until it had occurred. That he might not be overcome by grief, the courageous banker had embraced his wife and daughter in their sleep. Three hundred cards were left at the door of Mignon's villa. Fifteen days afterwards the most profound oblivion, foretold by Charles, proved to the two women the greatness and the wisdom of his injunction. Dumay caused his master to be represented at New York, at London, and at Paris. He watched the liquidation of the three banking houses to which this ruin was due, realized five hundred thousand francs (£20,000) from 1826 to 1828, the eighth part of Charles's fortune, and, according to orders written the night before the departure, he sent this sum at the beginning of the year 1828, through the firm of Mongenod, to New York, to the credit of Monsieur Mignon. All this was effected with military precision, except a deduction of thirty thousand francs (£1,200) for the personal needs of Madame and Mademoiselle Mignon which Charles had directed to be made, and which Dumay did not make. The Breton sold his house in the town for twenty thousand francs (£800), and handed that sum to Madame Mignon, thinking that the more capital he could send to his colonel, the sooner he would return. "For want of thirty thousand francs sometimes one may be lost," he remarked to Latournelle, who bought of him at its full value this house, where the inhabitants of the Chalet always found an apartment.

Such, for the celebrated Havre firm of Mignon, was the result of the crisis which in 1825 and 1826 swept over the exchanges of Europe like a hurricane, and wrought the ruin of various Parisian bankers, one of whom was president of the tribunal of commerce. It will be understood now, that this immense fall, after a ten years' reign among the citizens, came as a death-blow upon Bettina Wallenrod, who beheld herself once more separated from her husband, with no knowledge of a destiny apparently as perilous, as hopeless, as his exile in Siberia had been. But the sorrow which was dragging her to the grave was to these visible griefs what the prodigal seion is to the ordinary misfortunes of the race which is devoured and swallowed up in him. The cold, hard stone which weighed upon the heart of this mother was one of the gravestones in the small cemetery of Ingouville, on which might be read—

BETTINA-CAROLINE MIGNON,

AGED 22.

Pray for her Soul.

1827.

This inscription was for the young girl what an epitaph often is for the dead, the table of contents to an unknown book. For the book, we present a mournful abridgement, which may explain the oath exchanged at the farewell of the colonel and lieutenant.

A young man, with a handsome face, called Georges d'Estourmy, came to Havre upon the ordinary pretext of visiting the seaside, and there he saw Caroline Mignon. A man who sets up for a Parisian fashionable is never without letters of introduction: he was therefore invited, through the medium of a friend of the Mignons, to a fête given at Ingouville. Being much smitten both with Caroline and her fortune, the Parisian anticipated a happy result. In three months he accumulated all the means of seduction, and carried away Caroline. When he has daughters, the father of a family should no more permit the introduction to them of a young man not thoroughly known than of books which he has not read. The innocence of girls is like milk, which may be turned by a lowering sky, an unwholesome odour, the heat of the weather—by a mere nothing, even a breath. On reading the farewell letter of his elder daughter,

Charles Mignon immediately despatched Madame Dumay to Paris. The family alleged the necessity of a change of air suddenly ordered by their medical adviser, who corroborated this pardonable falsehood, but without being able to prevent the commentaries of Havre upon this sudden absence.

"What! a hearty young girl like that—with a Spanish complexion and jet black hair—in a decline!"

"Yes, but they say she has committed an indiscretion."

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed a Vilquin.

"She came home in a profuse perspiration from a ride and drank iced water—at least, so says Doctor Froussard."

When Madame Dumay returned, the sorrows of the Mignon family were consummated; but the absence of Caroline and the return of the cashier's wife no longer excited remark. In the beginning of the year 1827 the newspapers were occupied with accounts of the trial of Georges d'Estourmy condemned for constant cheating at play. This young pirate disappeared without troubling himself about Mademoiselle Mignon, who was deprived of all value by the winding-up of the firm at Havre. Caroline soon became aware of his infamous desertion and of her father's ruin. Labouring under a severe and fatal illness, she returned home, and died within a few days at the Chalet. Her death at least protected her reputation; for people generally believed in the illness alleged by Monsieur Mignon to account for his daughter's departure, and in the medical orders which, as was said, despatched Mademoiselle Caroline to Nice. Even to the last moment, the mother hoped to preserve her daughter! She preferred Bettina, as Charles did Modeste. There was something touching in their preference; for Bettina was the reflection of Charles, as was Modeste of her mother. Husband and wife each continued their own love in their favourite child. Caroline was a daughter of Provence, with her father's complexion and that beautiful hair, black as a raven's wing, which is the pride of Southern beauties—with a dark almond-shaped eye, shining like a star—with a complexion inclining to olive, and skin gilt with velvety down, a well-arched foot, and that Spanish figure which appears at once lithe and stately. Thus both father and mother were proud of the charming contrast exhibited by the two sisters. "A black angel and a white one!" people would say without malice, although the phrase became a prophecy.

After weeping for a month in her chamber, where she vented her sorrow in strict seclusion, the poor German mother came forth with her eyes affected. Before losing her sight, she went, in spite of her friends, to contemplate the tomb of Caroline. This last image remained still depicted in her darkness, like the red spectre of the last object seen, when we close our eyes on a sunny day. After this fearful and double calamity, Modeste, now an only child without her father knowing it, rendered Dumay, not more devoted, but more apprehensive than formerly. Madame Dumay, who doted on Modeste as childless women do, humoured her with maternal fondness, but without neglecting the orders of her husband, who was distrustful of feminine friendships. "If ever a man, of any age, of whatever station," said Dumay, "speaks to Modeste, ogles her, looks upon her lovingly, he is a dead man: I will blow his brains out, and then give myself up to the police—perhaps my death will save her. If you would not see me cut my throat, guard her well in my stead whenever I may be absent!" For three years Dumay had examined his arms every evening. He appeared to have made the two Pyrenean dogs parties to his oath—two animals of superior intelligence. One of these lay within the house, and the other was posted outside in a kennel, whence he never strayed, and where he rested quietly without barking; but frightful would have been the fate of an intruder on whom these dogs might have fastened their teeth.

### CHAPTER III.

It will now be easy to conceive how the mother and daughter lived at the Chalet. Monsieur and Madame Latournelle, often accompanied by Gobenheim, came almost every evening to keep their friends company, and to play whist. The conversation turned on the affairs of Havre and the small events of provincial life. Between nine and ten o'clock they departed. Then Modeste would assist her mother in retiring, they would say their prayers together, confide their hopes to each other, and speak of the beloved wanderer. After embracing her mother, the daughter would retire to her own chamber at ten o'clock. In the morning Modeste would assist her mother in rising, with the same attention, the same prayers, and the same talk. To the praise of Modeste be it said, that since the day when a terrible infirmity deprived her mother of one sense, she had assumed the office of lady's-maid, and continually exhibited the same solicitude, without ever growing tired or experiencing monotony. She was sublime in the constancy of her affection, and evinced a soothing gentleness of manner unusual in girls of her age, and well appreciated by those who witnessed this tenderness. Thus, for the Latournelle family and for Monsieur and Madame Dumay, Modeste was morally the pearl that we have described corporeally. Between breakfast and dinner, Madame Mignon and Madame Dumay, every fine day, took a short walk to the sea-shore, accompanied by Modeste, for the support of two arms was necessary to the poor sightless woman.

A month previous to the scene, in the midst of which our retrospect has been introduced as a parenthesis,

Madame Mignon had taken counsel with her only friends, Madame Latournelle, the notary, and Dumay, whilst Madame Dumay amused Modeste with a long promenade.

"Listen, my friends," said the blind woman,—"my daughter loves—I feel it—I see it. A strange revolution has taken place in her, and I know not how you could help observing it..."

"Well, may I be shot!" cried the lieutenant.

"Don't interrupt me, Dumay! During the last two months Modeste has been very attentive to her appearance, as if in the habit of going to a rendezvous. She has become very particular in regard to her boots; she wishes to show off her foot, and scolds Madame Gobet, her shoemaker. It is the same with her dressmaker. On certain days my poor little one remains sad, watchful, as if she expected some one; her voice has short intonations, as though, by being addressed, her attention were distracted from her secret watchings and meditations; then, if this expected one has come..."

"Now, may I be hanged!" cried the lieutenant, starting from his chair.

"Sit down, Dumay!" said the blind woman. "Well, Modeste is gay! Oh, she is not gay in your sight; you cannot perceive those shades, too delicate for eyes occupied by the spectacle of nature. This gaiety is betrayed by the tones of her voice—by accents that I perceive, that I interpret. Modeste, instead of remaining seated and thoughtful, displays a wild activity in disordered movements. In short, she is happy. There are thanksgivings in the thoughts which she expresses. Ah, my friends! I read her joy as I would her grief. By the kiss which my poor Modeste gives me I divine what is passing within her: whether she has received what she expected, or is restless. In kisses there are many shades of difference, even in the kisses of an innocent girl—for Modeste is innocence itself, but innocence, as it were, instructed. Though I am blind, my affection is clairvoyant, and I beg of you to watch over my daughter."

Dumay grown fierce, the notary like a man who seeks the solution of an enigma, Madame Latournelle as an outwitted duenna, all now set themselves as spies upon Modeste. The young girl was not left alone for an instant. Dumay passed his nights under the windows, concealed in his cloak like a jealous Spaniard; but even he, armed with his military sagacity, could discover no accusing token. Unless she were in love with the nightingales of Vilquin's park, or some Prince Lutin, Modeste had not been able to see any one, and could not have received or given a signal. Madame Dumay, who did not retire until she had seen Modeste fast asleep, scrutinized the roads from an upper window of the house with as much attention as her husband. Beneath the eyes of this four-fold Argus, the irreproachable maiden, whose slightest movements were studied and analysed, was so fully acquitted of all clandestine intimacy, that the friends taxed Madame Mignon with folly and fancifulness. Madame Latournelle, who herself conducted Modeste to church and brought her back, was charged with telling the mother that she deceived herself with regard to her daughter.

"Modeste," she began, in fulfilling her commission,—"Modeste is a girl of a very excitable turn: she addresses the poems of this one, and the prose of that one. You have not been able to judge of the impression produced upon her by that hangman's symphony"—a note of Butscha's, the point of which was lost upon his matter-of-fact mistress—"called 'The Last Day of One Condemned,' but she appears mad to me with her admiration for that Monsieur Hugo. I don't know where those folks (Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Byron, are 'those folks' with such as Madame Latournelle) get their ideas from. The little one spoke to me of *Ohilde Harold*: I didn't like to have the worst of it, so I set myself to read the thing, in order to be able to converse with her about it. I don't know whether it was the fault of the translation, but my stomach rose, and my eyes got dim—I could not go on. There you have similes that howl, rocks that faint, and the lavas of war! Indeed, since it is an Englishman that travels, one must expect to find extravagancies; but that goes beyond all bounds. You think yourself in Spain, and he lifts you into the clouds on the top of the Alps; he makes stars and torrents talk; and then—there are too many maidens!—it puts one out of patience. Finally, after the campaigns of Napoleon, we have plenty of flaming bullets and sounding brass, that roll from page to page. Modeste tells me all this rant is the work of the translator, and that one ought to read the original. But I was not going to learn English for Lord Byron, when I would not learn it for Euripides. I very much prefer the romances of Ducray-Dumail to these English romances. I am too much of a Norman to take a fancy to anything foreign, especially English." Madame Mignon, despite her constant mourning, could not repress a smile at the idea of Madame Latournelle reading *Ohilde Harold*, the latter accepting this smile as an approval of her opinions.—"So, my dear Madame Mignon, you have been taking the crotchets and fancies of Modeste, which are the effects of her reading, for the effects of love. She is twenty years old: at that age girls love themselves; they adorn themselves to see themselves adorned. When I was a girl, I would put a hat on my poor little sister that's dead, and we played 'at gentlemen.' You yourself had a happy youth at Frankfurt; but, let us be just—Modeste has no amusements here. In spite of the attention paid to her slightest wishes, she knows she is watched, and the life she is leading would afford little pleasure to a young girl who could not find amusement in books. Don't fret yourself—she loves nobody but you. Consider your-



self very fortunate that she is in love only with the heroes of Sir Walter Scott's romances—with your Germans, Counts of Egmont, Werther, Schiller, and other 'ers'."

"Well, madam?" said Dumay respectfully to Madame Mignon, frightened at her silence.

"Modeste is not only in love, but she loves some one individual," replied the mother obstinately.

"Madam, my life is involved in this matter," said Dumay; "and you think proper—not on my account, but on account of my poor wife, my colonel, and all of us—that I should discover whether the mother or the watchdog is mistaken?"

"It is you, Dumay! Oh that I could look into the eyes of my daughter!" said the blind woman.

"But who can she love?" asked Latournelle. "As for us, I will answer for my Exupère."

"It can't be Gobenheim," said Dumay, "for since the colonel's departure we see him scarcely nine hours a week. Besides, he does not think of Modeste—that crown-piece of a hundred sous turned into a man! His uncle Gobenheim-Keller repeats to him incessantly: 'Become rich enough to marry a Keller!' With this programme, there is no fear that he will ever notice of which sex is our Modeste. This makes all we have in the shape of men here; for I don't count Butscha, poor little hunchback—I love him—he is your Dumay, Madame Latournelle; but Butscha knows well that one look cast upon Modeste would cost him a drenching after the fashion of Vannes. Not a soul has communication with us. Madame Latournelle, who, since your—your misfortune, comes to escort Modeste to church and brings her home again, has observed her well at such times and during Mass, and has seen nothing suspicious about her. Finally, if I must acknowledge all, for a month past I have raked up the paths about the house every night, and have found them in the morning without trace of a footstep."

"Rakes are neither dear nor difficult to handle," said the daughter of Germany.

"And the dogs?" asked Dumay.

"Lovers would find philters for them," replied Madame Mignon.

"Then I shall have only to blow my brains out, if you are right, for I shall be ruined!" cried Dumay.

"And why, Dumay?"

"Why, madam! Can I bear the look of my colonel, when he comes back, if he does not find his child—above all, now she is his only one—as pure, as virtuous as she was when he said to me on board the ship: 'Let not the fear of the scaffold stay thee, Dumay, when the honour of Modeste is in question!'"

"I recognise you well there, both of you," said Madame Dumay, with emotion.

"I would pledge my eternal salvation that Modeste is pure as she was in her cradle," said Madame Dumay.

"Oh! I shall know it," replied Dumay, "if Madame la Comtesse will permit me to try an experiment, for old soldiers are adepts in stratagem."

"I permit you anything which may enlighten us without injury to our last child."

"And what can you do, my dear," said Madame Dumay, "to penetrate the secret of a young girl, when it is so well guarded?"

"Obey me all exactly," cried the lieutenant: "I shall want all of you."

This rapid summary, which, skillfully told, would have furnished quite a picture of manners (many families will recognise in it the events of their own history), will be sufficient to make the reader understand the importance of the small details given concerning persons and things during this evening, on which the old soldier had undertaken to contend with this young girl, and to cause a love detected by a blind mother to leap from the bottom of her heart.

An hour passed in almost frightful calm, broken only by the hieroglyphic phrases of the whist-players, such as:—"Spades!"—"Trumps!"—"Cut!"—"Have we the honours?"—"Two by tricks!"—"In the nine holes!"—"Whose deal is it?"—Phrases which at this day constituted the great emotions of European aristocracy.

Modeste worked on, without being surprised by the silence of her mother. Madame Mignon's handkerchief fell from her lap to the floor, and Butscha sprang forward to pick it up: he thus found himself stooping close to Modeste, and whispered in her ear as he rose—"Be upon your guard!" Modeste bent upon the dwarf astonished eyes, the quiet radiance of which filled him with ineffable joy. "She loves no one!" said the poor hunchback to himself, rubbing his hands as if he wanted to remove the skin. At this moment Exupère sprang through the garden, through the passage, and into the parlour, like a hurricane, and rushing up to Dumay, whispered loudly to him—"The young man has come!"

Dumay rose, and snatching up his pistols, hurried out.

"Ah! my God! And if he kills him!" cried Madame Dumay, bursting into tears.

"But what is going on?" inquired Modeste, regarding her friends with a candid and quite fearless air.

"It's a young man who has been watching the house!" exclaimed Madame Latournelle.

"Well!" replied Modeste, "and why should Dumay kill him?"

"*Sancta simplicitas!*" said Butscha, who looked as triumphantly towards his master as Alexander upon Babylon in Lebrun's picture.

"Where are you going, Modeste?" asked the mother of her daughter, who was going out.

"To prepare your bed-chamber, mamma," answered Modeste, in a voice as pure as the sound of an harmonica.

"You haven't cleared your expenses," said the dwarf to Dumay, as the latter came in.

"Modeste is discreet as the Virgin on our altar," exclaimed Madame Latournelle.

"Ah! my God! such emotions shatter me," said the cashier, "and yet I have considerable strength."

"I'll forfeit twenty-five sous if I understand a word of all you have been doing to-night," said Gobenheim: "you seem to me all gone mad."

"And yet a great treasure is in question," said Butscha, raising himself on tiptoe to reach Gobenheim's ear.

"Unhappily, Dumay, I still feel almost certain that I was right in what I told you," said the mother.

"It is now for you, madam," said Dumay calmly, "to prove to us that we are wrong."

Seeing that only the honour of Modeste was in question, Gobenheim took his hat, bade his friends good evening, and departed, carrying off ten sous, and regarding a new rubber as impossible.

"Exupère, and you, Butscha, leave us," said Madame Latournelle. "Return to Havre; you will reach the theatre in time for one piece—I will pay for your admission."

When Madame Mignon was alone with her four friends, Madame Latournelle, after glancing at Dumay (whose Breton nature understood the pertinacity of the mother), and at her husband, who was playing with the cards, felt herself authorized to resume the conversation.

"Madame Mignon, will you tell us now what conclusive fact has struck your attention in this matter?"

"Ah! my good friend, if you were a musician, you would already have understood the language of Modeste when she talks of love."

The piano of the two Mignon girls was among the few articles of furniture for female use that were brought from the town house to the Chalet. Modeste had sometimes beguiled her tedious hours in studying without a master. Born a musician, she played to cheer her mother. She sang naturally, and repeated the German airs that her mother taught her. From these lessons and these efforts resulted this phenomenon, common enough with natures impelled by natural inclination, that, without knowing it, Modeste composed, as one may compose without a knowledge of harmony, purely melodic cantilenas. Melody is to music what imagery and sentiment are to poetry—a flower which may bloom spontaneously. Thus nations possessed national melodies before the invention of harmony. Botany came after the flowers. In like manner, Modeste, who had learnt nothing of the art of painting, but what she had seen done when her sister practised in water colours, would stand charmed and absorbed before a picture of Raffaele, of Titien, of Rubens, of Murillo, of Rembrandt, of Albert Durer, or of Holbein—that is to say, before the master-pieces of each country. Now, for more than a month, Modeste had surrendered herself to nightingale songs—essays the meaning and poetry of which had aroused the attention of her mother, who was surprised to find Modeste devoted to composition, practising airs upon unknown words.

"If your suspicions have no other foundation," said Latournelle to Madame Mignon, "I pity your susceptibility."

"When the young girls of Brittany sing," said Dumay, with returning gloom, "the lover is not far off."

"I will let you overhear Modeste improvising," said the mother, "and you will see."

"Poor child," said Madame Dumay, "if she only knew our anxiety, she would be in despair, and would tell us the truth, especially if she knew how Dumay is concerned in the matter."

"To-morrow, my friends, I will question my daughter," said Madame Mignon, "and perhaps I shall gain more by affection than you by stratagem."

Was the comedy of *La Fille mal gardée* played here, as it is everywhere and always, while these worthy Bartholoms, these devoted spies, these watchful Pyrenean dogs, could not scent, divine, or perceive the lover, the plot, the smoke of the fire? This was not the result of a defiance between gaolers and a prisoner, between the despotism of the dungeon and the liberty of the captive, but the eternal repetition of the first scene played at the rising of the curtain upon creation—Eve in Paradise. Was the mother or the watchdog right? None of the persons who surrounded Modeste could understand her maiden heart, for the soul and the countenance were in harmony, you may well believe. Modeste had transported her life into a world as much closed to our eyes as was that of Christopher Columbus in the sixteenth century. Fortunately she held her peace, or she would have appeared insane. Let us explain, before everything, the influence of the past upon Modeste.

Two events had for all time formed the mind, as they had developed the intelligence, of this young girl. Warned by the catastrophe that had happened to Bettina, Monsieur and Madame Mignon had determined, before their disaster, to have Modeste married. They had accepted as a suitor the son of a rich banker, a Hamburgher established in Havre since 1816, who, moreover, was under obligations to them. This young man, named Francisque Althor, the dandy of Havre, and endowed with those vulgar "good looks" which the middle classes admire (strong, gross colour, plenty of flesh, and a square-built frame), deserted his betrothed so entirely at the moment of the disaster, that he had never again seen Modeste, Madame Mignon, or the Dumays. Latournelle having

ventured to question Jacob Althor, the father, on the subject, the German shrugged his shoulders, and replied: "I really don't know what you mean!" This answer, reported to Modeste in order to give her experience, was a lesson the more comprehensive inasmuch as Latournelle and Dumay made some forcible commentaries on this base desertion. The two daughters of Charles Mignon, being spoilt children, often rode out, having their own horses and attendants, and altogether enjoyed a fatal liberty. Seeing an obsequious lover at her feet, Modeste had permitted Francisque to kiss her hand, or to clasp her waist in assisting her to mount her horse; she accepted flowers from him, and all those minor testimonies of affection which encumber the suits of lovers; she had worked a purse for him, believing in this kind of bonds, so strong for superior minds, but which are only as cobwebs to the Gobenheims, the Vilquins, and the Althors. In the spring following the establishment of Madame and Mademoiselle Mignon at the Chalet, Francisque Althor went to dine with the Vilquins at the villa. On perceiving Modeste over the wall of the lawn, he turned away his head. Six weeks afterwards he married the eldest Mademoiselle Vilquin. Modeste, beautiful, young, and of high birth, thus learnt that she had been regarded by this man only as Mademoiselle Million. Her known poverty acted now as a sentinel, which guarded the approaches to the Chalet as well as the prudence of the Dumays, or the vigilance of the Latournelle family. People only spoke of Modeste to insult her by such expressions as these:—"Poor girl what will become of her! She will take the veil of St. Catherine."—"What a misfortune! to have seen all the world at her feet, to have had the opportunity of marrying Althor's son, and to find herself without hopes of a suitor!"—"To have experienced all the luxuries of life, and have sunk into indigence!" And let it not be thought that these insults were secret, and only guessed at by Modeste; she heard them more than once uttered by young men or women from Havre, who had taken a walk to Ingouville, and who, knowing that Madame and Mademoiselle Mignon were resident at the Chalet, spoke of them as they passed before that pretty dwelling. Certain friends of the Vilquins often expressed astonishment that these two women should be willing to live amid the mementoes of their former splendour. Modeste often, from behind the closed window-blinds, overheard impertinences of this kind:—"I don't know how they can live there!" uttered in making the circuit of the lawn, it may be with a view to assist the Vilquins in driving out their tenants.—"What do they live upon? What makes them stop there?"—"The old woman has gone blind."—"Has Mademoiselle Mignon retained her beauty? Ah! she has no horses now! Frisky brutes they were!" On hearing these savage insults of envy, with which drivelling snarlers taunt those who have fallen from a position far above their own, many girls would have blushed scarlet to the roots of their hair, others would have wept, and others, again, would have fallen into a violent fit of rage; but Modeste smiled, as one smiles in listening to actors upon the stage. These missiles of malice, feebly thrown from the gulf of vulgarity, fell harmlessly at the foot of her eminence of pride.

The other event which had influenced Modeste's life was more serious even than this mean spite of the mercantile class of Havre. Bettina-Caroline had died in the arms of Modeste, who tended her sister with the devotedness of girlhood and the curiosity of a virginal imagination. The two sisters, in the silence of the nights, exchanged many confidences. With what dramatic interest was not Bettina invested by her innocent sister! Bettina knew passion by misfortune only: she was dying for having loved. Between two young girls every man, however great a scoundrel, remains a lover. Passion is the one thing truly absolute in human affairs: it will never confess itself wrong. Georges d'Estourmy, gambler, rake, criminal, was photographed for ever in the memory of these two girls as the Parisian exquisite of the fêtes of Havre, admired by all the females, and finally become the happy lover of Bettina. Adoration with a young girl is stronger than all social censures. In Bettina's eyes, justice had been deceived: how could it have condemned a young man by whom she had been loved for six months—passionately loved in the mysterious retreat where Georges had hidden her in Paris, to preserve there his own liberty. Bettina, in dying, had therefore inoculated her sister with love. These two girls had talked together concerning the great drama of love, and the peach-bloom of Modeste's innocence had disappeared in her sister's tomb, leaving her, if not instructed, at least a prey to curiosity. Nevertheless, remorse had too often struck his sharp fangs into the heart of Bettina for her to have been niggard of good counsel to her sister. In the midst of her confessions she had never failed to lecture Modeste, to enjoin on her absolute obedience to her family. She had besought her sister, on the eve of her death, to remember this bed bathed in tears, and never to imitate conduct for which such sufferings even could scarcely atone. Bettina accused herself of having drawn down the lightning upon her family, and died in despair at not having received the forgiveness of her father. Despite the consolations of religion, softened by so deep a repentance, Bettina could not sink into her last sleep without crying at the supreme moment "My father! my father!" in a voice of heart-rending intensity. "Never give thy heart without thy hand," said Caroline to Modeste an hour before her death: "and, above all, receive no attentions without the sanction of our parents." These words, so touching in their textual truth, uttered



amidst agony, made the clearer echo in Modeste's bosom, inasmuch as Bettina dictated to her the most solemn oath. This poor girl, clairvoyant as a prophetess, took from beneath her pillow a ring, on which she had had engraved at Havre by means of her faithful maid, Françoise Cochot, "Pense à Bettina! 1827," in lieu of any device. A few minutes before breathing her last sigh, she put this ring upon her sister's finger, beseeching her to retain it there until her marriage. There occurred, therefore, between these two girls a strange medley of remorseful pangs and naive pictures of the rapid season which had been succeeded by the frosty wind of desertion; but tears, regrets, memories were ever dominated alike by a terror of evil.

And yet this drama of the fallen sister returning to die of an incurable malady under the roof of an elegant indigence, the paternal disaster, the desertion of Françoise Althor, the blindness produced by her mother's grief, had now left their impression only upon the outward manners of Modeste, with which the Dumays and the Latournelles contented themselves, for no devotedness can replace the mother! This monotonous life in the pretty Chalet amid the beautiful flowers cultivated by Dumay—these habits with movements regular as those of a clock—this provincial soberness—these card-parties intermingled with knitting—this silence, broken only by the distant and occasional murmurs of the sea—this monastic tranquillity—concealed the most stormy life, the life by ideas, the life of the spiritual world. We are sometimes astonished at the faults committed by young girls; but then there does not exist near them a blind mother, to sound as with the diviner's wand the virginal heart with its subterranean streams of phantasy. The Dumays slept, when Modeste would open her window, imagining that a man might pass—the man of her dreams—the expected cavalier, who would carry her off *en couple*, in spite of the pistols of Dumay. Depressed after the death of her sister, Modeste had devoted herself to incessant reading, enough to unsettle her mental powers. Brought up to speak two languages, she understood German equally with French; and besides, she and her sister had been taught English by Madame Dumay. Modeste, being but slightly controlled in this matter by her unaccomplished friends, fed her mind upon the modern masterpieces of three literatures—English, German, and French. Byron, Goethe, Schiller, Scott, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Crabbé, Moore—the great works of the seventeenth and the eighteenth century—history and drama, romance from the *Astrée* down to *Manon Lescaut*, from the *Essays* of Montaigne to Diderot, from the *Fabliaux* to the *Nouvelle Héloïse*—the thought of three countries furnished with confused ideas this mind, sublime in its cold ingenuousness and virginal restraint, from which sprang, brilliant, armed, sincere, and strong, an absolute admiration for genius. For Modeste a new book was a great event: she was happy to obtain a new masterpiece to frighten Madame Latournelle; and, if the work did not captivate her heart. A favorite song bubbled up in this soul full of the fair illusions of youth. But of this flaming life no glimmer reached the surface: it escaped the observation of Dumay and his wife, as of the Latournelles; only the ears of the mother perceived the crackling of the hidden fire.

The profound contempt which Modeste now conceived for all ordinary men soon imprinted on her countenance an indescribable look of pride and fierceness, which modified her German ingenuousness, and, moreover, accorded with a detail of her physiognomy. The roots of those hairs planted point-wise below her brow appeared to continue the wrinkle already traced by thought between her eyebrows, and thus rendered this expression of fierceness perhaps somewhat too strong. The voice of this charming girl, through the study of three languages, had gained marvellous flexibility; and this advantage was heightened by a ring at once fresh and sweet, which struck the heart as much as the ear. If the mother could not read the hope of a high destiny written on that brow, she studied the transitions of the puberty of the mind in the accents of that amorous voice.

The ravenous period of her readings was followed, with Modeste, by the play of that strange faculty bestowed on persons of lively imagination, of making oneself actor in a life arranged as in a dream; representing to oneself things desired with so keen an impression that it touches on reality; in fact, of possessing by thought, of marrying oneself, of beholding oneself in old age, of being present at one's own funeral like Charles V.—in short, of playing within oneself the drama of life, and even that of death. Modeste, for her part, played the comedy of love. She imagined herself beloved to the height of her wishes, passing through all the social phases. Become the heroine of a dismal romance, she loved, it may be, the hangman, or some wretch who ended his life on the scaffold; or, like her sister, some young exquisite without a sou, who had no contentions but with the courts of justice. She imagined herself a courtesan, and mocked at men amid continual *flûtes*, like Ninon. She led by turns the life of an adventurer, or of an actress, exhausting the hazards of Gil Blas, or the triumphs of Pastas, Malibran, and Florine. Weary of horrors, she returned to real life. She was married to a notary; she ate the hard bread of an honest life, and beheld herself in Madame Latournelle. She accepted a toilsome life, and endured the irksomeness entailed in creating a fortune. Then she returned to her romances: she was beloved for her beauty; the son of a peer of France, an eccentric young man and an artist, read her heart, and recognised the star which genius had stamped upon her brow. At length

her father returned enormously rich. Justified by experience, she submitted her lovers to experiments, in which she preserved her independence. She possessed a magnificent mansion, servants, carriages, all things most rare that luxury can provide, and she mystified the pretenders to her hand so far as to persuade them she was forty years old, just double her real age.

This edition of *The Thousand and One Nights* lasted for nearly a year, and made Modeste acquainted with satiety through the medium of thought. She too often took life into the hollow of her hand; she said to herself philosophically and with too much bitterness, too seriously and too often, "Well! and what after?" not to become plunged to the waist in that profound disgust into which men of genius fall when they feel eager to withdraw from the toils of an immense work to which they have dedicated themselves. Had it not been for her fertile disposition, her youth, Modeste would already have entered a cloister. This satiety threw this maiden, already imbued with Catholic grace, into the love of goodness, into the infinity of heaven. She accepted charity as the occupation of life; but existence to her was often as a creeping beneath shadows of sadness, through not finding more food for an imagination which devoured her heart as the worm does the flower in which it lurks. And she tranquilly knitted braces for poor children, or listened absently to Latournelle's grumblings when he reproached Dumay for cutting him a low card or drawing his last trump!

Faith impelled Modeste in a singular direction. She imagined that by becoming irreproachable, in a Catholic sense, she might attain such a degree of sanctity that God would hear and answer all her desires. "Faith," she thought, "is able to remove mountains, as our Lord has taught us; and His power supported his apostle on lake Tiberias. But for me, I only ask of God a husband, and that is much less than the power of walking upon the sea." She fasted all through one Lent, and avoided committing the smallest sin; then she said to herself that on leaving the church, on such a day, she should meet a handsome young man worthy of her, whom her mother would gladly receive as a suitor, and who would be desperately enamoured of herself. On the day which she had appointed with Heaven for throwing this angel in her path, she was followed by a beggar clad in disgusting rags: it rained in torrents, and not a single young man was to be seen outside. She went afterwards for a promenade round the harbour, to see the Englishmen disembarking; but they were all accompanied by English ladies, almost as beautiful as Modeste, and she saw no sign of a roving Childe Harold amongst them. At such times tears overcame Modeste, and she sat, like Marius, weeping over the ruins of her fancies. One day, when she had cited Heaven for the third time, she thought that the elect of her dreams had entered the church; she drew the attention of Madame Latournelle to each pillar, imagining that he was concealing himself through delicacy. When again disappointed, she began to doubt the power of Heaven. She often held imaginary conversations with this lover, inventing his speeches and replies, and endowing him with the highest mental qualities.

The excessive ambition of Modeste's heart, concealed in these romances, was therefore the cause of that prudence so much admired by her guardians. They might have introduced to her many Francisque Althors and young Vilquins, but she would not have descended to such clowns. She desired purely and simply a man of genius: talent was but a small thing to her, as might be a lawyer to a girl who limits her pretensions to an ambassador. Neither did she desire riches but to pour them at the feet of her idol. The golden groundwork upon which the figures of her dreams were depicted was even less rich than her heart, replete with feminine delicacy; for her leading thought was to render happy and rich a Tasso, a Milton, a Jean-Jacques Rousseau, a Murat, or a Christopher Columbus. Common misfortunes touched but slightly this heart, which longed to extinguish the pyres of these martyrs, often neglected in their life. Modeste thirsted for nameless sufferings, for the great sorrows of thought. Sometimes she would compose the balms, or invent the charms, the melodies, the thousand means by which she would have soothed the fierce misanthropy of Jean-Jacques. Sometimes she imagined herself Byron's wife, and almost comprehended his contempt of the real by rendering herself fantastic as the poetry of *Manfred*, and his doubts in converting him to Catholicity. Modeste laid Molière's melancholy to the charge of all the women of the 17th century. "Why," she asked herself, "does not some loving, rich, and beautiful woman bind herself to every man of genius, and make herself his slave, like the mysterious page in *Laura*?" She had apprehended well, you will perceive, the *piano* sung by the English poet through the person of Galnara. She greatly admired the conduct of that young Englishwoman who came and proposed to the younger Crébillon, and whom he married. The history of Sterne and Eliza Draper constituted her existence and her happiness for some months. Becoming in fancy the heroine of a parallel romance, more than once she rehearsed the sublime part of Eliza. The admirable sensibility, so gracefully expressed in this correspondence, suffused her eyes in tears, which were lacking, it is said, in the most witty of English authors. Modeste, then, lived still for some time in the comprehension not only of the works, but of the characters of her favorite authors. Goldsmith, the author of *Oberman*, Charles Nodier, Maturin, the poorest, the most suffering, were her idols: she entered fully into their griefs, and

initiated herself in their deprivations intermingled with heavenly thoughts; upon these she poured out the treasures of her heart, beholding herself the author of the material welfare of these sons of art, martyrs to their faculties. This noble sympathy, this intuitive conception of the difficulties of labour, this worship of talent, is one of the rarest plantations that ever fluttered in the heart of woman. In its origin, it is a secret between woman and Heaven; for it has nothing to excite attention, nothing which flatters vanity, that great incentive to action in France.

Out of this third period of ideas there sprang up in Modeste a violent desire to penetrate to the heart of one of these abnormal existences to know the motive-springs of thought, the inmost sorrows of genius, what it would, and what it is. Thus, with her, the impulses of fancy, the wanderings of her soul in the void, the gasings into the darkness of the future, the impatience of an obstructed love to reach its destination, the nobleness of her ideas in regard to life, the lot chosen of suffering in an elevated sphere instead of dabbling in the marshes of provincial life, as her mother had done—the promise which she kept to herself to avoid transgression, to respect her father's hearth and bring to it only joy—all this chaos of sentiments at length assumed a definite shape. Modeste wished to be the companion of a poet, of an artist—in short, of a man superior to the crowd of men; but she wished to choose him, not to give him her heart, her life, her immense affection untainted by passion, before she had subjected him to a deep study. She began this pretty romance by her own pleasure in its creation. The deepest calm reigned in her soul. Her countenance assumed a soft colour. She became the beautiful and sublime symbol of Germany that you have seen, the glory of the Chalet, the pride of Madame Latournelle and the Dumays. Modeste then possessed a double existence. She fulfilled humbly and lovingly all the small duties of common life in the household. She employed them as reins to hold in check the poetry of her ideal life, after the manner of the Carthusians, who reduce their material life to rule, and employ themselves to allow the soul to develop itself in prayer. All great intellects subject themselves to some mechanical employment in order to render themselves masters of thought. Spinoza cut out spectacle-glasses; Bayle counted the tiles on roofs; Montesquieu worked at gardening. When the body is thus subdued, the soul spreads its wings in all security. Madame Mignon, therefore, who read the heart of her daughter, was right. Modeste loved; she loved with that platonic love, so rare, so little understood—the first illusion of young girls, the most delicate of the sentiments, the sweetest dainty of the heart. She drank with long draughts at the chalice of the unknown, of the impossible, of reverie. She admired the blue bird of the paradise of girls, which sings at a distance, and upon which the hand can never be placed; which shows itself by glimpses, but which no bullet can reach; whose magic colours and jewelled feathers glitter and dazzle the eyes, but which is no longer beheld when reality, that hideous harpy, appears, accompanied by marriage contracts and legal witnesses. To have all the poetry of love without having seen the lover! what a sweet dissipation! what a chimera, all hair and wings!

(To be continued.)

## LOVE AND DUTY.

"Is that your fixed determination?"

"I am a Virginian, Helen, and can adopt no other!"

"Then listen to me, Randolph Wyvil! I, too, a daughter of the dear old Bay State—God bless it!—which has shed its first blood in this dreadful quarrel, have my sense of right and duty, and, Heaven helping me, will act up to it; and loving you as I have done, and as I do, I tell you I will never, never be your wife!"

"Helen!"

"I mean it! I am no heroine—nothing but a girl who might be infinitely wiser and better; but this I am sure of, that you are wrong—desperately, wickedly wrong in this matter. You, a soldier, an officer in your country's service, to desert her in her time of need, and, not content with that, to strike at her life by joining this causeless and detestable rebellion! I want words to express my horror of it!"

"You use words which I can hardly listen to with patience, and which I would never brook from a man's mouth. I repudiate the idea of allegiance to a miserable crew of abolitionists and fanatics, who have behaved with the blackest dissimulation and treachery—who are not fit to rule over a people every way superior to those that hope to subjugate them!"

"The discussion is worse than profitless, and I despair of changing your opinion. But it must separate us, and for ever."

"Why?"

"I have told you already."

The listener ground his teeth.

"When we lay this accursed city in ashes," he said, "you may think differently! Be wise in time, and accompany me to a Southern home."

"If your vain boast were to be accomplished—and, so sure as I live, I believe the sun will never shine on its fulfilment—I would rather lie dead in my coffin than be the wife of any man who had aided in it."



"They have provoked it! They have invaded us! How can you deny it, or justify them? Would you have me a traitor to the soil on which I was born?"

"I would have you loyal to your oath and country, not to a miserable misguided section of it. We differ irreconcilably and had better part."

"You have said you love me, Helen, yet you break our engagement thus!"

"Your act, not mine, cancels it. May God forgive you! for, like those who crucified Him, you know not what you do."

"You may never see me again, Helen."

"I will pray for your safety and pardon night and day, but—but—I cannot do what is wrong before Heaven and my own soul!" And Helen Grant burst into a paroxysm of sobs, weeping and hiding her face with her hands, like the woman she was.

Randolph Wyvil threw his arms about her, and would have improved his opportunity and her supposed weakness. But out of that kind of weakness comes a woman's strength. She put him off almost with violence, dashed the tears from her eyes, and confronted him with a look more passionately resolute than he had ever beheld in her good, earnest face.

"I am a fool, I know," she said, "to let you see this; but don't suppose I shall change my resolution. My heart shall be broken before my word."

Wyvil both loved and hated her at that moment. Perhaps one passion is only the other turned inside out.

"Helen!" he cried, "there is no woman on earth who shall be more dearly worshiped in the inmost core of man's heart than you by me if you become my wife. I can respect your convictions, mistaken as you are about our Southern institutions and about this war, which can have but one ending, for Yankees will run like dogs before Southern gentlemen, and—"

Helen interrupted him vehemently, her face flushing. "Spare your insults," she said, "and recollect that I am a Yankee!"

He took his rebuke with an ill grace, but apologized. "Forgive me, Helen," he replied; "and for Heaven's sake do not persist in casting away the happiness of both our lives for a miserable fanatical idea."

"That idea is Duty, Randolph. By no means so romantic a word as love, but one which I have been taught to regard as the only sure foundation of happiness, if not in this world, in the next. May we meet there, if divided here!"

"Amen to that! But must we part in this? Let our engagement stand until the war is over: it will be a short one."

She shook her head. "We must part, now and for ever, if you persist in your determination."

He took her hand, and looked long, earnestly, beseechingly into her countenance. She loved him very dearly despite his faults, and innumerable tender recollections of past happiness crowded into her mind, all pleading in his behalf, and endeavouring to sap the strength of her resolution. In vain! He might read sorrow there and affection, but, above all, an intense, high-souled conviction of Right, and a determination to abide by it at whatever cost or suffering.

Then an unworthy thought took possession of him. "You have ceased to love me. You will wed another," he said.

She released her hand, and an expression of sweet, sad reproach came into her face. With her upper lip slightly, very slightly curved, she answered simply: "I think you had better go, Randolph."

It was a thousand times more effective than any stronger or more elaborate condemnation. Goaded, however, to further injustice by the sense of having already committed it, he continued:

"Will you promise to be no other man's wife than mine, Helen?"

"You have no right to exact any such promise, and I shall not give it."

Captain Wyvil burst out into something like an execration. "Farewell, then!" he said; "like all of your stock, you have but one Juggernaut idea, before which everything must be crushed—which is incapable of reason or consideration. I will not bow to it—so be it, and good day! Go and make Havelocks and scrape lint for your d—d Yankees, for by Heaven they will need the latter!" And without further word of leave-taking he flung himself out of the apartment.

And what did Helen? She has avowed herself no heroine; hence she may be excused from acting like one. Instead of being stung into high-spirited resentment at his taunts, and indignantly dismissing him for ever from her memory, she turned deathly pale, pressed her hands to heart as if to quiet its beatings, bowed down her head, and presently wept long and bitterly as if that heart would break. You see, that Juggernaut idea of Duty, objugated by Captain Wyvil, is not an easily-worshiped deity.

What time that officer rode across the Long Bridge over the Potomac into that Virginia the claims of which he considered superior to those of honour, Helen Grant knelt in prayer for him to our Father in Heaven, beseeching Him to forgive, preserve him, and to turn his heart. Two days afterwards she read of his having joined the Southern army.

Three months have passed, and a memorable Sunday in July has come. We are at Centreville, eight miles from Bull's Run, within an hour of midnight.

It is a close, rainy night, succeeding a sweltering day. There is a heavy, thunderous boom of cannon in

the air, almost continuous, insomuch that the raindrops on the thick-leaved trees fall, shaken by the concussion, to the ground, which has been trodden into a quagmire by hosts of flying feet, and is strewn with arms, articles of clothing, knapsacks, and other appurtenances of a soldier. The murky blackness brooding over the woods is here and there reddened by the reflection of a distant conflagration, and portentously lightened at intervals by the glare of rockets. The occasional rattle of musketry, the faint bray of trumpets, the roll of drums, the cries of men calling to one another, the shrill neighing of horses, mingled with more appalling sounds, all confusedly blending into one, are heard ominously in the direction of the recent battle. The main body of the defeated—if that word be applicable to the victims of a mere panic—have swept by, onward to Fairfax Court House, followed by their pursuers. We stand in the little old-fashioned church of Centreville, occupied by the Confederates, as a scanty guard at the door, posted by a Southern officer, intimates. It has been hastily converted into an hospital, where lie friend and foe, tended by a handful of heroic surgeons who prefer certain capture, possible death, to a selfish abandonment of the dictates of humanity. With them is one solitary woman, a self-appointed hospital nurse.

She moves to and fro in that house of pain, amidst shrieks and groans and sickening sights such as might appal the heart of woman or man, with a blanched cheek but a steadfast purpose, quietly performing the duties assigned to her. The good surgeons know her, and have almost ceased to wonder at her nerve and heroism.

One of them demands her assistance. It is in behalf of an officer sorely wounded by a bayonet-thrust in his side, from which ghastly orifice the blood is welling in dark-red jets. He wears the uniform of a Southern regiment, and the straps on his shoulders indicate the rank of Colonel. Enfeebled by pain and loss of blood, he yet preserves his consciousness, and his eyes meet those of the hospital nurse. And with a scream that rings loud above all other sounds of human agony around, and penetrates the brain like a knife, Helen Grant recognises Randolph Wyvil. In another moment she has sprung to his side, and her white face bends over and touches his.

"Helen!"

"Randolph!"

They said no more, but a silence as intense as it was full of meaning supplied the place of words. It was broken by Wyvil:

"Thank God we have met!" he said, "though thus. I shall die with less regret now."

"Die! Is there no hope?"

"I think not; I am bleeding too much."

He smiled faintly, and turning on his unwounded side with difficulty, so as to look her in the face, took both of her hands in his. In accordance with the agonized entreaty expressed in Helen's countenance, the surgeon carefully examined his wound. Wyvil eyed him closely, and read sentence of death in his grave aspect.

"Dearest, it is better so!" he said, as Helen sank stricken, but tearless, beside him whose fast-ebbing life she would willingly have ransomed with her own. "Tell me you forgive me for my brutality at our last parting, and let us pray that we may meet in heaven!"

"Oh, may He grant it! My forgiveness you need not ask; I have loved you and prayed for you always!"

Randolph's face lighted up with a smile of inexpressible gratitude and affection, almost triumphant in its brightness, and he raised his arm and feebly embraced her.

"Put your face closer; I shall not see it long. We'll not waste time by talking about our old difference of opinion—it matters very little, now! I believed I was fighting for freedom and for Old Virginia, and it's too late to change. I have done a soldier's duty, and die a soldier's death, regretting, however, from my very heart that it should bring grief to you. May God bless and comfort you!"

Helen's passionate, burning words of sympathy and consolation need not be recorded. What pen could do justice to them?

"This will be a cruel war—a cruel war!" Randolph said; "and I see no end to it. Ha! what noise is that?" and a flash of temporary animation enabling him, he rose on his pillow, still holding her, and listening.

A confused clamour without; a rush of horses and men, the thud and splash of the hoofs of the former on the miry ground; the jangle of accoutrements; oaths, shouts, outcries, and musket-shots; the rush of the rain; and through and above all the thunderous boom of the cannon. The little church is invested by a party of stragglers, the scum and refuse of the Confederate army—such men as infest every cause only to disgrace it. Drunk, savage, reckless, merciless, they are squabbling with the guard—half a dozen men—who vainly represent to them that the wounded within are of both sides, preventing their entrance.

"Go to—!" "—Yankees shamming sick!" "Give 'em—, boys!" "Set the—church on fire!" These and similar ejaculations, accompanied by a pistol-shot and the crash of a musket-butt against the door, indicate the murderous intentions of the intruders. The surgeons gather hastily together, and one of their number quits the building, waving the green sash which he wears as an officer of the staff, in the hope that its recognition will secure the safety of the inmates.

"Take mine, dearest!" cries Randolph to Helen, a glance of wild horror and apprehension brightening his filmy eyes, which the hand of death is fast glazing. "Bind it around you; it may protect you; I know what they are, and—"

A crash of musketry and pistol-shots pouring into the

shattered windows, interrupts further speech. Another and another, amidst shrieks of pain, outcries, and expletives, answered by wild yells, savage oaths, and more savage laughter. When the eddying whirls of smoke that filled the building had passed away, Helen Grant lay dead on the lifeless breast which would fain have shielded her, a score of bullets having torn through the faithful heart that had sacrificed Love on the altar of Duty, to bury themselves in the already mangled body of Randolph Wyvil.

And, exulting in their devilish work, the ruffians rode off into the rain and darkness.

## THE HANDSOME BLACKSMITH OF VALLORRES.\*

AMONGST the workmen in the old forges of Vallorbes lived once a young man of nineteen or twenty, named Donat. He was a tall, straight, handsome, handy lad, of a gay, sprightly temper, and courageous to foolhardiness. He was considered, withal, a little given to exaggeration and self-sufficiency; and then, as to a secret, he was as utterly incapable of keeping one as a bird in spring-tide to refrain from singing. To tell you at what period he lived, I cannot; it is so very long ago that the time is quite lost: but what does that signify, when a thing is known to be true? Well, right above Vallorbes, in the woody steepes of the Jura, where the tall pines become stunted, and briars and brushwood begin to mingle with moss and stones till the rocks grow bare at the summits, is the opening to a great cavern, into which none dared to enter in his days, because it was known to be inhabited by Fairies, who, they said, did not allow curious intruders to penetrate into their subterranean dwelling with impunity. On Palm Sundays one of these daughters of air always showed herself, leading in a leash a lamb, white as the snow of Mont Blanc, if the year were to prove sunny and fruitful; or a goat, blacker than the raven on the banner of Corbières, if the sharp *bise* of spring and cold rains of autumn should spoil the grapes and the grain of the cheerless vintage. Another Fairy, or, perhaps, it might be the same, for they were never seen very close, came at midnight, in the heats of summer, to bathe in the clear waters of the beautiful basin at the source of the Orbe, just where it sparkles fresh from its passage through the Alps, under the guard of two fierce wolves, to drive off all who might be imprudent or impertinent enough to approach her. It seems, too, that, like man, they loved artificial warmth; for, in the winter, when the workmen had withdrawn to the hamlets, they often glided into the forges to enjoy the bright charcoal fires; but then they were accompanied by a fine, spirited-looking cock, with eyes like flames, and a comb redder than the berries of the acanthus, which strutted haughtily before the open doors, and never failed to announce, by his loud crowing, half an hour beforehand, the return of the blacksmiths, that his mistresses might have time to escape from the prying curiosity of mortal men. All agreed that these Fairies were very lovely, with shining, crisp, golden hair, which fell like a beautiful mantle over their delicate shoulders and white fleecy robes, so long that they swept the ground. When they moved, they resembled pretty birds fluttering along the surface of the earth before a coming storm, and their voices were harmonious as those of the sweet-winged creatures to which they bore such affinity.

Of all the youths of the villages around, Donat loved most to listen to these stories. He was an orphan, brought up from infancy by an old aunt, a single woman, who had seen better days, and was wont to lament that Donat, the last of his race, should be what he was. She had a prodigious memory, and as he sat on a little stool at her feet, whilst she spun fine thread for the merchants who used to come from Geneva and France to seek it in these distant parts, she filled his young head with all the legends of the land. By dint of listening to such histories and traditions from his childhood, and thinking about these marvellous beings as he grew to manhood, he began to feel so strong a desire to know something of them himself, that he at last determined to penetrate into the cavern, let what might happen.

It was a fine Sunday morning in the pleasant month of May that he came to this resolution; and without communicating his intention to any one, lest he might be laughed at or discouraged, he rose very early, donned his holiday clothes, stole softly out of the cottage into the little garden, gathered a bouquet of flowers for his hat and another for his bosom, and then brushed briskly on to the Jura Alps.

The sun had risen far above the horizon when he began the ascent. An immensely high mountain was to be surmounted, which the foot of man had scarcely trodden; but the air was bright and bracing; what might have proved toil to others was none to him. He bounded blithely forward from steep to steep, full of the energy and spirit of youthful enterprise. Now low bushes of box and pivot, or a strong shoot from an old withered stock, lent him a helping hand. Myriads of flowers showed at every step little smiling faces, as if to welcome him to their Alpine homes. Ruddy pinks and wild geraniums seemed to lift up their blushing heads to hold converse with groups of grave columbines, and starry anemones congregated above them. Many-tinted primroses, with their cousins, the cowslips and polyanthes, and

\* Vallorbes, a mountainous district of Switzerland, on the borders of Franche Comté, once celebrated for its fine iron and superior peasantry.



lay perdu in sunny sheltered nooks, with golden kingcups, crimson-tipped daisies, violets, and heartsease, in neighbourly vicinity. Pale pearly-leaved cyclimens, and harebells climbing in clusters some lofty eminence, seemed to look encouragingly down on his efforts to reach them; while whole colonies of dwarf forget-me-nots opened wide their blue eyes, petitioning for notice and remembrance. Flocks of birds were straining their swelling throats in joyous song. Squirrels sprang from branch to branch; and glittering insects, filling the air with their merry buzzing little voices, darted and glanced their gauzy shining wings before his eyes. Thus he journeyed gleefully on, his path momentarily ruder, till he reached the thicket of low pines and wild laurels, which nearly concealed the entrance of the Fairies' castle. He pushed vigorously aside the strong branches that opposed his passage, and after some difficulty found himself at the mouth of a dry, cool, spacious cavern. Without hesitation he stepped over the mossy threshold, and walked fearlessly in to its sombre extremity.

All was silent as the grave. The murmur of the bee, ever repeating her sage lesson of prudence as she flies from flower to flower, storing up treasures for the future; the careless hum of the thoughtless insect, the soft twittering of the birds, the shrill chirp of the grasshopper, and rustling leap of the panting lizard, which had hitherto enlivened his path, were hushed as if something kept them in awe. Donat went round and round, and crossed and recrossed the cave many times. Nothing was to be seen, nothing heard; it was utterly deserted; and, having at length assured himself he had examined every nook and corner, he turned, a little disappointed, to go out. As he stood for a moment at the entrance to take a last look, he perceived a cleft in the wall of rock at the furthest extremity, so high from the ground that it had escaped his first eager survey on entering. He felt certain it was wide enough to admit of his passing through. A skilful and venturesome climber was he; so by the help of his hands and knees and feet he soon attained the crevice, threw his legs on the other side, and jumping boldly down, discovered that he was in another cavern, far more spacious and lofty than the first. It was a grotto of exquisite beauty; the sides were encrusted with crystals and bright pebbles of every hue and shade. From several interstices, admitting starlight peeps of blue sky, hung a profusion of the many-coloured flowers of the periwinkle, which, uniting their pale tendrils and deep green glossy leaves, formed a sort of undulating drapery, now revealing and now concealing the brilliancy of the rough gems beneath; whilst the floor was composed of pure white shining sands, such as are found on the shore near old Chillon, when Lake Leman is untainted by the turbid waters of the Rhône as it flows from the sterile valley of St. Maurice. Stillness reigned here also; nothing betrayed that it was ever inhabited, unless a kind of low cough, composed of moss and ferns, mingled with thyme and the smooth leaves of ivy, told of preparation by some unseen hand. Donat was neither timorous nor suspicious. He began to feel weary; and putting the small odoriferous bed to profit, he threw himself upon it, little recking whether the Fairies would be pleased or otherwise at such an appropriation. A wild vine flung down its verdant branches to shade his eyes from the faint light glimmering here and there through fissures in the roof, and, admiring all around him, he soon fell into a deep sweet slumber. On awaking, what was his astonishment at finding the grotto illuminated! every gem, and spar, and crystal, seemed reflected in a thousand others; whilst each bud, and branch, and flower, tinged with gentle radiance, glowed in fresh beauty. Donat raised himself up, distrusting the evidence of his senses, and, looking round, saw at his side a lovely lady, half enveloped in long blond tresses of rich wavy hair, with light graceful robes of such snowy whiteness, that she looked more like an angel than a thing of life. She was attended by two pretty little greyhounds, and Donat knew at once that he was in the presence of the Fairy of Vallorbes!

There was a pause, each earnestly regarding the other. Donat's courage did not desert him; but still he felt it was not for him to open a chit-chat dialogue with such a personage, so he held his peace till the Fairy, who had gazed on him at her leisure whilst he slept, and taken her decision, condescendingly held out her small ivory hand, and said, in low melodious tones which thrilled to his fluttering heart, "Donat, thou hast pleased me, for I admire thy boldness; and if thou hast sufficient spirit to shake off the trammels that bind thee to earth, thine may be a glorious destiny. It is in my power to confer life and happiness upon thee for the long term of one hundred years. I can show thee mines of the precious metals and costly jewels so coveted by thy species; and acquaint thee with the herbs and minerals which restore their frail bodies to health and vigour. Thou shalt be received into the society of my sisterhood of Montcherand—they are gentle and good; and, in recompense for what thou must abandon, will be pleased to share with me the care of preparing thee for thy new existence, and of initiating thee into deep mysterious secrets withheld from mortal man. Wilt thou remain with me, Donat?"

Donat, who had listened to this speech with a strange mixture of pride, pleasure, and surprise, desired no better fate. He was rash and ambitious; so, without even a demur or sigh for what he relinquished, he accepted gratefully and joyfully this unexpected offer. The Fairy smiled, and said, "There is a condition to our treaty, Donat, but not a hard one: thou must never come into my presence but when it shall be agreeable to me to see thee. If I choose to retire into any part of my widely-

extended dominion, thou must not seek me on any plea whatever. Shouldst thou, beguiled by love or curiosity, try to discover where I may be found, I shall fly from thee instantly, and thou wilt be left to repent of thy folly or temerity during thy whole life."

Donat made no objection even to this clause, and, without at all distrusting his discretion (albeit a point where he was often at fault), promised all that she required from him. The Fairy then seated herself on the couch, and much familiar, lover-like conversation ensued. She confessed she had seen and admired him when hovering around the forges of Vallorbes, and Donat avowed that he had often sighed for a more elevated position. It was arranged between them that he should continue to occupy the romantic grotto in which they had so happily met till the expiration of a lunar month, when, if still mutually charmed with each other, they were to exchange the ties of friendship for the dearer bonds of marriage, and his bride's inexhaustible resources thenceforward be laid open to him unreservedly. As they separated, the Fairy placed in his hand two singular purses, saying,

"See, Donat, here are two purses of Fairy workmanship; each evening during the days of thy probation that I have felt satisfied with thee I will put into the one a piece of pure gold, and into the other a pearl of great price."

Donat was not so much astounded by this sudden turn in his fortune as many a youth might have been. He knew Fairies were susceptible of human passions, and that in bygone years they did sometimes fall in love with handsome herdsmen, and for their sakes condescended to resign invisible palaces full of treasures, with power to traverse earth, air, and ocean, to become the devoted followers of these sons of toil. They were reputed fond and faithful, bearing the rough treatment they too often experienced from their coarser companions with saint-like patience, till death released them from this voluntary bondage to lovers of meaner mould.

For upwards of a week Donat was truly in Fairy Land. When the church at Vallorbes rang mid-day, and the instant the angelus chimed, the door of a cavern, always closed but at these periods, flew noiselessly open at the sound of a silver bell, and Donat with the captivating Fairy, there partook of a sumptuous repast. Neither gnome, nor sylph, nor giant, nor dwarf appeared to do her bidding, yet the fare was delicious and abundant. Trout from the Orbe, and lotte from the Lac de Joux, game from Petro-Felix and the Môleon, cream from the Dent de Vaulion, honey from the ruffled bees whose sweet merchandise is stolen from the vineyards of Montreux and Clarens, wine from the sunny slopes of La Vaux, and fruits and flowers from the rich gardens that everywhere bloom on the fertile shores of Lake Leman. Sometimes, as they sat on mossy couches after these luxurious banquets, the Fairy told him wondrous tales of such distant date that Queen Bertha had not yet begun to ride and spin, nor the *Rans des Vaches* been heard in the Alps of Grûyères.

Thus they passed the time when they were together, for the Fairy Fenetta (so she was named) frequently withdrew by a small door placed at one of the angles of the rocky banquetting-saloon into another, and there Donat was enjoined never to accompany or follow her. Nothing seemed wanting to Donat's felicity; but by degrees, as he was of an active, buoyant spirit, accustomed to stride over the mountains, and dance to the lively tunes of many a *chanson de ronde* with all the prettiest girls of the country, when his labour at eve was finished, he found the days a little long. The delights of eating, and drinking, and story-telling, did not quite fill up his time or his mind. He reflected with surprise how short the days of his former labour used to appear, and how previous occupation had sweetened his hours of recreation. He got over a good deal of his time in sleep, but he slept not so soundly as the "seven sleepers," for he dreamt sometimes of mines of gold, and silver, and diamonds, guarded by winged serpents of enormous size, with ruby eyes and emerald scales, and fiery dragons vomiting flames, from whose attacks he was protected by the benevolent Fairy. And then again he fancied he heard the soft broken notes of the admonitory blue bird, warbling her melancholy midnight song of danger, mingled with the sharp, shrill clink of the forges of Vallorbes, and would suddenly start to his feet, half alarmed to find himself on awaking alone in the bowels of the earth. The utter solitude in which he remained after the Fairy left him told imperceptibly on his spirits; and as he had been simply forbidden to follow her, he tried to amuse himself by endeavours to make his way over the rest of a mansion which was so soon to own him for master. He found no obstacles to this species of employment. He wandered through a succession of vaulted passages, and grotto after grotto, exceeding rather than yielding in beauty to those inhabited by his fair mistress. Their roofs and sides were lined with rich ores; glittering columns of stalactites gracefully twisted, or round and solid, like the pillars of Notre Dame de Lausanne, sprang from the shining floors to the domed roof, and from thence, spreading into slim, sparkling branches, resembled groves and avenues of living silver. Deep pools of pellucid water, to which the bottom (mosaic with many-coloured marbles) gave rainbow tints, invited him to bathe. No humidity induced a cheerless sensation in these subterranean palaces. There was neither sunshine, nor moonlight, nor twilight, but an atmosphere soft, equable, and luminous, diffusing a gentle glory on all around. In his wanderings, he at length discovered a steep broken gallery leading to a small outlet opening on a narrow moss-covered ledge of

the mountain; and, through a sort of natural loophole, he could see far and near the world he had renounced. Thither, thenceforth, as soon as the first sunbeams glided brightly here and there through clefts in the rocks, like stars twinkling in summer's firmament, he constantly repaired, and would sit for hours together musing on his past and present condition.

Long lines of grey turreted rocks rose in naked majesty above and around him; lower down, pinnacled clumps of dark pines sheltered patches of rich green pastoral verdure, on which cattle were grazing; and below lay the smiling valleys of the Orbe and Lac de Joux. The silver stream of the golden-sanded Orbe, and quiet waters of the deep still lake where he had so often fished and rowed; the spire of the church which received his Sunday and fête-day prayers; its little porch and solemn cemetery (witness of many a rural flirtation afterwards); with the distant scene of his former busy life, and the cheerful fires of the forges of Vallorbes, all, all looked beautiful through the clear ether, and conjured up a thousand touching recollections. He remembered the gleeful season of vintage, when, abandoning his forge, he descended into the valleys and assisted in grape gathering,—the quirs, and pranks, and jocund laughter of the less refined, but more merry maidens of earth. He wondered whether they recollected him. Then his lonely old aunt rose to his memory half remorsefully. He was sure she missed him, and he missed her whistling wheel and bright crackling pine fire, with the loving smile which lighted up her thin pale face whenever it met his. All these things he had turned his back upon; and when the little white triangular sails of some small skiff glided dancingly over the blue waves, or the far distant echo of the gay mariner's song came in snatches on the breeze, mingling in strange melody with some blast from an alp horn, he grew half inclined to be sad, though he knew not why. A feeling of dreary splendour—a sort of sense of isolation from his own species without being united to any other, gradually crept over him. Not that he wished to depart; he was conscious he did not love with the same ardour that he was loved; something there was in the Fairy that made him feel less at home with her than with damsels of mortal birth; but he had no definite desire to leave her, or relinquish a century of existence, gilded by unlimited wealth and boundless knowledge, to resume his former sordid occupations and humble station: only he was dull, very dull, and pined for the weary term of his probation to come to an end, that it might bring its promised change of bliss. He longed especially to see the sisters of Montcherand, his future sweet teachers and associates, wondering whether any of them would turn out still more fascinating than the strangely lovely creature of their kind who had fallen to his lot. Lapped in idleness and luxury, his imagination had ample scope for the wildest flights. The gorgeousness that at first dazzled his sight daily lost something of its brilliancy with its novelty. He persuaded himself that the long range of the Fairy's domains must present scenes even more extraordinary and exciting than those already beheld, and his unsated curiosity, spurred on by the morbid restlessness of his natural disposition and sense of present weariness, urged him to pursue his roamings, till, in evil hour, some malicious Sprite (perhaps unwilling to receive a creature of clay for a master), unseen, conducted him into the sacred retreat interdicted to him alike by delicacy and pledged honour.

After the mid-day banquet of the twentieth day, when Fenetta had shown herself unusually condescending, she withdrew according to her custom into the small cabinet where she said she reposed; whether by accident or design she did not entirely close the door. Donat, emboldened by her enchanting manners, was seized with an almost irresistible inclination to follow her just to beg her to diminish the length of their engagement; but he resisted the temptation, and walked heroically up to his favourite seat on the ledge of rock.

From this lofty eminence the world below lay as a map in still beauty, yet here and there it was dotted by miniature specks of human beings moving to and fro in happy communion. An eagle soaring solemnly and silently over his head was his sole companion. He turned discontentedly away, and abruptly went back to the room he had quitted. The portal of the Fairy's boudoir, alas! was still ajar. Forgetful, or fearless, or heedless of promise or punishment, he advanced on tiptoe, and pushing the door softly with his foot, a gush of splendour burst on his astonished eyes that paralysed his purpose.

The walls were lined with large slabs of the clearest crystal, united by narrow borders of precious stones glittering and sparkling in the ambient light. On a couch of deep ruby velvet was extended his future bride, her sylphian form and ethereal dress reflected in the ten thousand mirrors which encircled her. She slept. One small ivory hand was under her bright hair, floating in wavy ringlets to the tessellated floor; the other held the silver bell, of strangely curious workmanship, which summoned him to her presence. She looked so gentle, so lovely, in her repose, that Donat panted to tell her how much he admired her. He had advanced a few paces into the room with words of apology for his presumption on his lips, when lo! as he approached, his steps were arrested, and his eye riveted: the long robes, hiding with maidenly modesty the lower portion of her graceful person, now slightly discomposed by her recumbent posture, revealed, to his amazement and utter dismay, that she had no heels to her feet, which, devoid of drapery to hide their deformity, were webbed as those of a goose. Well might she skim along like a bird! Donat's conster-



nation kept him motionless many moments; then, hardly breathing, he retired more cautiously than he had entered, and had just neared the threshold, when one of the pretty greyhounds, concealed under the couch, started out and began to bark fiercely. The Fairy awoke, saw him in the act of escaping, and cried in tones of peremptory command: "Stop! I command thee! Stop!"

Donat turned and obeyed—in truth, he was alarmed. She had sprung from the couch: her dove-like eyes flashed like those of a falcon in wild fury: her polished arm, crimsoned by passion, was stretched menacingly towards him; and while he stood abashed and apprehensive to learn his doom, she thus addressed him:

"Frail, fickle son of grovelling man, bound by no ties of truth, or gratitude, or honour! I blush that I, a being of higher order, must with shame confess that—till this proof how little thou art worthy of my affection—I had purposed to bestow on thee immunity from all the cares and changes of thy inferior condition, and share with thee my glorious destiny. Feeble, inconstant child of dust, incapable of retaining thy fidelity for one short moon, depart! Return to thy mean employment, to the smoke and soot of thy forge, to thy base-born society and degrading habits; it was for such thou wert created. Depart! yet, no; stay: as fairies, unlike the selfish children of the world to which thou rightly belongest, never take back what they have once bestowed, carry away thy riches with thee; forget all else thou has seen, or heard, or surmised in my habitation; and learn, that if ever, in the weakness or wickedness of thy vain, boastful heart, thou shouldst betray my mysteries to human ear, thy chastisement will swiftly follow thy crime. Begone!" She once more waved her warning hand: a shrill, hollow sound from the silver bell resounded through the caverns. There was a dense cloud of dust, and a crashing sound as of rocks rent and closed violently; the Fairy, the velvet bed, the greyhound, all disappeared, and he remained alone in thick darkness.

Donat was a lad of indomitable bravery, whatever his other faults. Daunted, but not dismayed, he shook off his momentary consternation; and when the tumult ceased, he went groping about till he found the cleft in the rocks through which he had mounted from the first cavern into the second; there he half lost his spirit, and thought it would be over with him at last. Nineteen days of feasting and idleness had increased so materially his stripling figure that it required incredible efforts to push himself through the aperture. But he was athletic, and despair lent him strength. He at length reached the outer cave—he breathed freely once more—crossed himself again and again—and thanking all the saints in the calendar for his escape from a living tomb, made the best of his way to the entrance. He was under the rude portico when he heard the Fairy's voice crying, in half-stern, half-plaintive accents, "Donat! Donat! Beware! Remember! Silence or punishment!"

Donat, bruised by his exertions to obtain his freedom, thought he had had punishment enough already. Without casting a glance behind him, he flew rather than ran down the rocks, leaping from one pinnacle to another, crushing under his feet, without remark, at each rapid step, the sweet little companies of flowers whose tender leaves and buds he had shrunk from touching on his ascent. He hurried homewards, thinking the breath of heaven blew sweeter and fresher than it had ever done before, and the glorious light of the setting sun on lake, and leaf, and flower more beautiful than all the gems of the Fairy's jewelled bower—the unlimited command of himself worth all the treasures he had forfeited by his disobedience. He was become a man again—once more in the enjoyment of all that earth, and air, and space, offer to the humblest of creation. It seemed to him as if everything he passed, animate and inanimate, bird and beast, and tree and murmuring rill, sang, and sported, and danced, out of the mere joy of life and freedom. He did not feel overwhelmed with shame or sorrow at his fault or its consequences, as the Fairy doubtless imagined he would be—her insults and reproaches had produced a contrary effect to that she intended. He was grievously offended, and thought there was at least blame on both sides; and if he were faithless, she was deceitful; and the distorted feet, so unexpectedly revealed, he considered no slight drawback from her dowry of personal charms and claims of personal superiority.

It was late in the evening when Donat reached the village unobserved. His poor aunt, who had indeed deplored his strange disappearance, received him with transports of joy, and listened in profound faith to all he recounted. Early the ensuing morning, full of his adventure, he hastened to the forges: the workmen were just arrived. He was a general favourite, despite of the little defects in his character, and they gave him a hearty welcome. As they could not guess what had befallen him, they all naturally questioned him as to the cause of his long absence; and, whilst their fires and iron were heating, gathered round to hear what he had to say. Then Donat, despising the Fairy's admonitory farewell, told all that had happened; spoke of her inexhaustible wealth, of her attentions to him, of her offer of marriage, and promise of a century of felicity as the reward of his fidelity. But this, unhappily, was not all; his proud soul had been stung by her contemptuous rejection and reproaches; and, if at heart he cared little for his dismissal, in his narrative, under the influence of mortification and resentment, he mingled many mocking allusions to her goose feet, adding other circumstances by which (it was thought) his self-love compromised both truth and the Fairy.

The smiths of Vallorbes, when they recovered from their amazement at these strange details, received them each according to his own fancy. Many considered them the gratuitous invention of a wild young man to hide something worse; others laughed outright, and indulged themselves in a thousand jokes at the expense of the unlucky narrator. Not that any one really denied the existence of the Fairy; it was her overtures to Donat, and the million marvels he had described, which excited their doubts.

Donat bore all these marks of incredulity awhile with his customary good-humour; then he grew testy, and turned impatiently away.

"Give us proof of your visit to the Lady Fenetta," they cried, seeing his cloudy brow—"that is only fair. She permitted you to carry off some of her treasures. Show them!"

Thus challenged, Donat plunged his hand joyously into his pocket, for the first time remembering the two purses.

"Ah, well!" he exclaimed, "here, then! See!" And, tearing open the clasps, he turned out the contents. Alas! that which had contained the gold pieces held nothing now but some faded leaves of the wild alisier; and its duplicate, where nineteen fine, round, glossy Orient pearls had been carefully hoarded, gave to their eager gaze only a few of the purple berries of the juniper-tree. The Fairy's menaces were realized. She had treacherously allowed him to take away her goblin gifts that they might become the instruments of his punishment if he betrayed her. By her demon power the gold and pearls were transformed into the commonest products of earth, to overwhelm him with confusion and contempt. He comprehended all—his chastisement had begun. A Fairy's malediction was upon him.

At this display, peals of merriment almost stunned the hapless lover of the indignant Fenetta.

"I could not have believed Fairies were so shabby!" cried one.

"Carry your handsome face to another market the next time you rove," said another.

"Donat, be contented for the future with our maidens of the valleys," advised a third; "they can neither fly nor swim, but they have each a foot at the end of the leg."

Then Donat, shocked and despairing rushed from his persecutors, and from that time was never more seen in the forges of Vallorbes.

When he did not come back again the next day, some of the workmen, fearing they had bantered him too much, went to seek him at the cottage of his aunt, but there he was not, and she knew not whither he was gone. He had departed in the night unknown to her. They went into his little room to see if he had left any clue to his fate, but no trace was found. Each article of the holiday suit, in which he had made this fatal excursion to Fairy Land, hung round it on pegs, looking as melancholy as so many banners covered with black held up at a baron's funeral, and on the floor lay the fatal Fairy purses, changed into some coarse material, and torn to atoms.

The smiths returned sorrowfully to the forges, and many a pretty eye grew dim with tears when this news was confirmed; for Donat had danced, and sung, and whispered with many a fair damsel, who had each secretly hoped that she was destined to secure the wild but handsome, good-natured Donat. His old aunt, after he fled, unable to bear the solitude of her Alpine chalet, sold her little all, and went away somewhere into Franche Comté, her native country, and was never more heard of. The Fairy, too, seeing her dwelling discovered, with the secret of her feet divulged, deserted her home; perhaps she withdrew to the sisterhood of Montcherand;—'tis no matter where: she never appeared near the sources of the Orbe again, nor did any one desire she should; yet in memorial of her, the cavern is still called *la Grotte aux Fées*—the Fairies' Grotto—and travellers who come into these parts are often conducted there, when they never fail to admire the sombre extent and shapeless architecture of the first cave, for few have courage or agility to ascend by the narrow cleft which opens into the range of caverns above; neither is there anything to repay their temerity now: with the Fairy disappeared the marvels of her palace.

LITERATURE AND "THE SHOP."—"The time surely has gone by when it can be doubted whether talent and genius could be reared in a warehouse or a shop. A thousand instances throng upon my recollection to prove that they can. Samuel Richardson, author of 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa,' a man whose power over the passions is scarcely inferior to that of Shakespeare, was a printer, and kept besides a stationer's shop. William Godwin, the immortal author of 'Caleb Williams,' at one period of his life opened a shop of picture-books for children. Smollett—a name of which Scotland is still proud—was in his early days a surgeon's apprentice in Glasgow, and saw, while selling pills and compounding potions, those humours and oddities of life which he afterwards inscribed on the undying pages of 'Roderick Random' and 'Humphrey Clinker.' Charles Lamb, the gentle, the exquisite, the imitable Elia, was a clerk in the India House, and wrote at one time invoices, and at other times immortalities. Keats, one of the truest and divinest poets that ever breathed, was in his early days an apprentice to an apothecary, and would drop the pestle to lift the pen which wrote his 'Ode to the Nightingale' and his 'Hymn

to Pan.' Wordsworth was a distributor of stamps, as well as the author of the 'Excursion.' Thomas Hood once occupied some commercial situation in Glasgow, living in the house of worthy old Mr. Gardiner, in the Overgate. Alex. Smith, author of the 'Life Drama,' and now Secretary to the University of Edinburgh, was, when I first knew him, a pattern-drawer in a Glasgow warehouse, not earning a pound a week. Sidney Yendys, or Dobell, the author of the brilliant 'Roman' and of the incomprehensible and critic-baffling 'Balder,' was, till within a few years ago, a wine merchant with his accomplished cousin, Alfred Mott, author of 'Amberhill de Stillis.' Ruskin's parents kept a shop—I fear it was a spirit shop. When, some years ago, I called upon the gifted Charles Swain in Manchester, I found him in a warehouse, and with a quill behind his ear. Nay, one of the best-ascertained facts connected with the latter history of Shakespeare himself, is finding him selling corn and malt in his native town of Stratford-on-Avon. So that, on the whole, literature and poetry have not been a whit the worse, but all the better, for smelling of the shop."—George Gilfillan.

HAVE OUR ANCESTORS STOLEN FROM US ALL ORIGINAL IDEAS IN ART AND MUSIC?—As it certainly is in morals, so in aesthetics it may be, that no new important principles remain to be discovered; and that we can look only for new combinations, for the employment of new materials, and for the discovery of the new constructive inventions. A hasty retrospect will, I think, confirm this supposition. Upwards of 2,000 years ago a more refined and delicate taste, and a more thorough mastery of the power of representing beauty, existed, than the world has since been able to acquire. Nor was that extraordinary æsthetic development confined to a few rarely-gifted artists; for there is not wanting good ground for believing that it pervaded the general mind of the Greek people. Again, 1,700 or 1,800 years ago, the grandeur of the Roman empire was well typified by a corresponding grandeur of architecture which has never since been equalled. We find, 1,200 years ago, in the Gregorian chants, musical compositions conceived of a grander character and far deeper feeling than the music of the modern school can lay claim to. It seems to be in accordance with these general views, which I have ventured to express in extenuation of the supposed tardy advance attributed to our art, that a great musical composer of the present day—Rossini—has attempted to account for the admitted want of originality in modern musical composition, by expressing his suspicion, that probably all the material changes of which the notes of music are susceptible may have been already rung out. I cannot, indeed, adopt this theory, even in respect of music, and I am still less disposed to damp the aspirations of young architects, by countenancing any such doctrine of exhausted originality.—Professor Smirke, in Builder.

SHAKESPEARE IN GERMANY.—Dr. Franz Dingelstedt, the indefatigable General Intendant of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Weimar, has issued a circular, stating that the first four plays of the announced cyclo of Shakespeare's historical dramas (viz., *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, both parts, and *Henry the Fifth*) will be represented on the Weimar stage in the course of this month. The whole of the intended cyclo (embracing, besides the above-mentioned plays, *Henry the Sixth*, both parts, and *Richard the Third*) will be acted, night after night, in the week following Easter, thus introducing to Germany, in a grand style, the jubilee of the English poet. Much is expected from these representations, on a stage which not only boasts of its old classical traditions, but may well be proud, too, of its present energetic and truly artistic management. Dr. Dingelstedt's last great success (in fact, the event of the German stage during the season) was the representation, on one day, of Schiller's trilogy of *Wallenstein*. It took place, in celebration of Schiller's birthday, on the 9th November last, the *Lager* being acted from 11 to 12 o'clock in the morning; the *Piccolomini* from 2 to 4 in the afternoon; and the *Death of Wallenstein* from 6 to 10 in the evening. Notwithstanding this strange arrangement, the result appears to have been most satisfactory.—Galignani.

THE municipality of Florence has decided that the centenary recurrence of Dante's birthday shall be celebrated by a public festival in the month of May, 1865. The poet was born at Florence in May, 1265.

LITERARY PERSEVERANCE.—A statistician, who has had the patience to count the number of words employed by the most celebrated writers, states that the works of Corneille contain 7000 different words; Molière, 8000; Shakespeare, 15,000 words; and Voltaire and Goethe 20,000; "Paradise Lost" contains only 8,000; and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642.

A SCIENTIFIC Expedition, under the management of the Rev. H. Tristram, has been organized, for the scientific exploration of the Holy Land and Syria. Researches will be made in zoology, geology, and botany; and the Zoological Society have furnished the expedition with an efficient taxidermist. A photographic artist accompanies the party, who are expected to be about a year absent.

MILTON AND HIS SIMPLE HABITS.—Milton arose at four in the morning, had some one to read the Bible to him about half an hour, contemplated till seven, read and wrote until dinner, walked, or swam, and played music three or four hours; entertained visitors till eight, took a light supper, smoked his pipe, drank a glass of water, and went to bed.



## Poetry.

## THE LOST PEARL.

YOUNG Roderick gave his lady-love, with fondest kiss, a ring:

"Oh! wear it for my sake," said he, "till I that other bring,  
When, whilst Heaven's benedictions fall,  
Love shall have made us one in all."

'Twas but a little band of gold in which three pearls were set;

Yet never upon Earth was there a stranger amulet;  
And on her finger, dainty white,  
The pearls shone with a mystic light.

Since in the Heaven of the heart Life's brightest star had risen,

This was the first dear gift of Love which he to her had given,

And, oh! so great was her delight,  
She wore the ring the live-long night.

And when her Guardian Angels came their silent watch to keep,

They saw the sacred smile of joy steal o'er her while asleep;

Whilst on the coverlet was laid,  
The jewell'd finger of the maid.

That night she dreamt a wondrous dream; for in the silent hours,

When fairies roam the realms of Sleep to scatter dreams for flowers,

An elfin voice, with music clear,  
Murmur'd this love-song in her ear.

I.  
Treasure thou the mystic ring—  
Guard and keep it near thy heart;  
Though it seem a trifling thing,  
With the circlet never part;  
Loose not, for thy life, one gem—  
Each is worth a diadem.

II.  
Sweetest names to them are given—  
Names the Angels joy to hear,  
Loved of Earth and blest of Heaven—  
Treasure them with reverent fear;  
Guard them, keep them, night and day:  
Faith! Hope! Love!—oh! these are they!

Then Myra woke, and on the morn to Roderick laughing said,

"I did not think your pretty gift to such sweet dreams was wed."

But he replied, "To me it seems  
There's something wondrous in such dreams.

"And though the ring may have no charm, oh! with it never part,

But as each gem keep pure and true the jewels of the heart;  
For lose one pearl of priceless cost,  
And every joy of life were lost."

So Myra laughingly replied, "A ring so strangely given

I'll guard as if each pearl was from a rosary of Heaven;  
And often shall I look to see  
No hand has stolen a gem from me."

And so, with jealous care, she kept the jewell'd love-gift long,

For often to her heart came back the memory of the song,  
And haunting voices, low and sweet,  
Seem'd still its refrain to repeat.

But on one dark and luckless eve, she knew not how or where,

Dismay'd, poor Myra found one pearl, guarded so long with care,

The pearl all other pearls above,  
Was gone—the fairy type of love.

A wild night follow'd that dark eve; the thunder shook the sky;

The winds roar'd to the angry sea, till answering waves roll'd high;

And Myra, weeping, bow'd her head—  
She could not now be comforted.

At the loud wailing of the wind the maiden seem'd to start—

Her tears fell cold as the rain without, and she sobb'd with a breaking heart;

And trembling at the billows' moan,  
She felt a fear before unknown.

She thought she heard her lover's voice from o'er the wailing sea—

A voice that smote her inmost soul with hopeless agony—  
"The pearl of pearls, of priceless cost,  
Is lost for ever, ever lost!"

At length she said, "The dream was false; I have the jewels yet:

I will not trust the hateful dream, but get the pearl reset;

And Roderick even will not know,  
How great has been my secret woe."

But when the gem had fallen from the ring, she little thought

The storm that swept o'er Earth and Sea such fatal change had wrought;

That many a seaman bold and brave,  
That night had found a watery grave!

That on the rocks of a far-off coast her sailor lover, he

As by a miracle was saved from the remorseless sea—  
Though on his noble face and form  
Were left sad relics of that storm.

For long and weary months he lay bow'd on a bed of pain,

That when he saw his own wan face, he knew it not again.

No wonder Myra, when they met,  
Even seem'd Roderick to forget.

His voice alone she recognised: but she shrank, as if afraid

Of that voice from the grave of the Past, wherein such blighted hopes were laid;

And when his lips again she prest,  
A thrill of anguish pierced her breast.

Paler each day she grew; she said, "What will he think of me?

I never meant to prove me false—O God, that this should be!

I feel such woe within, for I  
Rather than wed him now would die.

"Yet can I tell him all the truth—the pearl of priceless cost

From heart and ring is past away for ever, ever lost.  
O God forgive me, and bestow  
Some antidote to soothe his woe!"

And so, with sorrowing heart, she told him all that she could tell:

She thought his love would change to hate; but not one harsh word fell.

Young Roderick's eyes beam'd strangely wild,  
The strong man wept—a trembling child!

No stern reproach, no angry word: "How can I feel," said he,

"Aught else but love, unsullied love, for one so dear to me?

Though in this moment I feel driven  
As one for evermore from Heaven.

"Ah Mira, we must part! I know it was a foolish thought,

That with ecstatic bliss my soul like rapturous music caught—

To think so poor a love as mine  
Were worthy such a heart as thine.

"We part; but though a lonely bark upon a moonless sea,

In faith I'll cherish still thy name; my trust in God shall be,

That He, the King of kings, above,  
Shall give you back the pearl of love:—

"That for each woe that I must feel a blessing thine may be;

That every sorrow of my life some joy shall win for thee.  
Farewell! all Holy Angels bless,  
And keep thy spirit sorrowless!"

They parted:—only two brief years passed o'er his aching heart,

Ere Heaven's Angel Death sent down, to bid him hence depart—

He pass'd away with love as true  
And pure as mortal ever knew.

She never found the pearl on Earth; but she was not bereft

Of those two glorious gems that still in heart and ring were left:—

Faith! Hope! ah, they were ever given,  
And she has found the lost in Heaven!

## Songs for Music.

(It is intended from month to month, under this title, to publish suitable "Songs for Music." Applications from composers desiring to use the same, must be accompanied with a copy of their arrangements (not necessarily for publication), addressed to the Editor, "Musical Monthly" Office.)

## THE FROST FAIRY.

"Oh! look, father! look on the white window pane!  
See, see you those flower-like pictures again?  
Yes, this seems a garland of daisies to be,  
And these like the fringed flowers we found by the sea.  
Did the bright angels leave them, who watch'd round my bed,  
Ere to Heaven they took up the few prayers that I said?  
Oh! so beautiful are they, so soft, and so light,  
I wonder how they could all come in a night!"  
"My child, they are beautiful, and you should know,  
Though kings could not make them, 'twas God made them so.  
It matters not though the storm-winds shriek aloud,  
And the snow-flakes fall fast from the dark drifting cloud;  
There's One who looks lovingly down from above,  
And the darkness and light are alike to His love;  
And whilst you have slept through the wild wintry hours,  
He sent the Frost Fairy to sprinkle those flowers."

## BIRD OF THE SUNNY SPRING.

BIRD of the sunny Spring,  
Oh! thou art heralding  
Moments that soon will bring  
Roses loved well.  
Violets and cowslips blow,  
Blue-bells and fern leaves grow,  
Where a short while ago  
Icebergs fell.  
Up from the sunny dells  
Comes the dear voice that tells  
Tidings as sweet as bells  
Chimed on God's day;  
For when we hear thy strain,  
Well, well we know again,  
Past is chill Winter's reign,  
Death, and decay!  
Oh, that our hearts were stirr'd  
More by thy tidings, bird,  
Seeing how one wee word  
Comforts the sad!  
So that amidst the drear,  
We too, dispelling fear,  
Whisper'd a word of cheer,  
Hearts making glad!

## THINGS OF COURSE.

ALONG the pleasant meadow path  
I stroll at eventide,  
While she looks from her summer-house,  
That standeth close beside:—  
We never made appointment yet,  
But as a thing of course have met.  
I know not how it came to pass,  
Oft have I kiss'd her though:  
I ask her not, she says not "Yes!"  
But then she ne'er says "No!"  
When lips to lips are fondly press'd,  
We think it good, and let them rest.  
The saphyr togeth with the rose,  
Its love for granted takes;  
The rose imbibes the crystal dew,  
And no petition makes:—  
I love her, and she loveth me;  
But neither whispers "I love thee!"

## LOVE LETTERS.

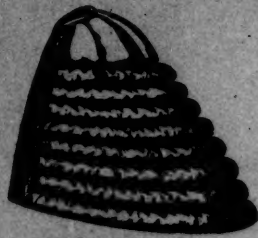
As snowdrops come to a wintry world like angels in the night,  
And we see not the Hand who has sent us them, though they give us a strange delight;  
And strong as the dew to freshen the flower or quicken the slumbering seed,  
Are those little things called "letters of love" to hearts that comfort need:  
For alone in the world, 'midst toil and sin,  
These still small voices wake music within.  
They come, they come, these letters of love, blessing and being blest,  
To silence fear with thoughts of cheer, that give to the weary rest!  
A mother looks out on the angry sea with a yearning heart in vain;  
And a father sits musing over the fire, as he heareth the wind and the rain;  
And a sister sits singing a favourite song, unsung for a long, long while,  
Till it brings the thought, with a tear to her eye, of a brother's vanished smile;  
And with hearts and eyes more full than all,  
Two lovers look forth for those blessings to fall;  
And they come, they come, these letters of love, blessing and being blest,  
To silence fear with thoughts of cheer, that give to the weary rest!  
Oh! never may we be so lonely in life, so ruin'd and lost to love,  
That never an olive-branch comes to our ark of home from some cherish'd dove;  
And never may we, in happiest hours, or when our prayers ascend,  
Feel that our hearts have grown too cold for a thought on an absent friend;  
For like summer rain to the fainting flowers,  
They are stars to the heart in its darkest hours;  
And they come, they come, these letters of love, blessing and being blest,  
To silence fear with thoughts of cheer, that give to the weary rest!

## THE VICTOR.

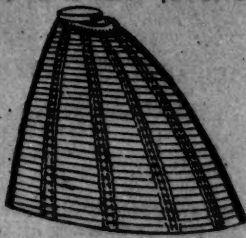
I knew she was blest above earth,  
Too lowly, too holy for me;  
I deem'd her too pure to be woo'd,  
And I woe'd she would ever be free.  
But a wooer drew nigh to the maid,—  
He came at the set of the sun:  
He was not so bashful as I,  
So he loved her, and woo'd her, and won.  
I know, if my bosom prove true,  
That my sorrows will never be done  
For there is a wooer call'd Death,  
And he was the wooer that won!



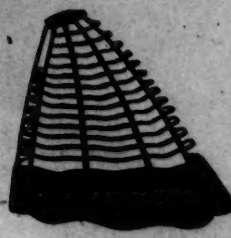
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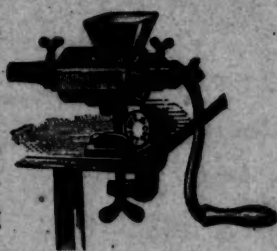
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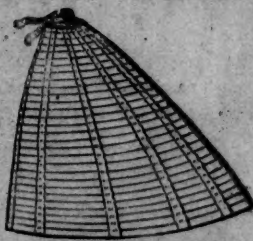
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 Loss not, for thy life, one gem—  
 Each is worth a diadem.

II.  
 Sweetest names to them are given—  
 Names the Angels joy to hear,  
 Loved of Earth and blest of Heaven—  
 Treasure them with reverent fear;  
 Guard them, keep them, night and day:  
 Faith! Hope! Love!—oh! these are they!

Then Myra woke, and on the morn to Roderick laughing said,  
 "I did not think your pretty gift to such sweet dreams was wed."  
 But he replied, "To me it seems  
 There's something wondrous in such dreams.

"And though the ring may have no charm, oh! with it never part,  
 But as each gem keep pure and true the jewels of the heart;  
 For lose one pearl of priceless cost,  
 And every joy of life were lost."

So Myra laughingly replied, "A ring so strangely given  
 I'll guard as if each pearl was from a rosary of Heaven;  
 And often shall I look to see  
 No hand has stolen a gem from me."

And so, with jealous care, she kept the jewell'd love-gift long,  
 For often to her heart came back the memory of the song,  
 And haunting voices, low and sweet,  
 Seem'd still its refrain to repeat.

But on one dark and luckless eve, she knew not how or where,  
 Dismay'd, poor Myra found one pearl, guarded so long with care,  
 The pearl all other pearls above,  
 Was gone—the fairy type of love.

A wild night follow'd that dark eve; the thunder shook the sky;  
 The winds roar'd to the angry sea, till answering waves roll'd high;  
 And Myra, weeping, bow'd her head—  
 She could not now be comforted.

At the loud wailing of the wind the maiden seem'd to start—  
 Her tears fell cold as the rain without, and she sobb'd with a breaking heart;  
 And trembling at the billows' moan,  
 She felt a fear before unknown.

She thought she heard her lover's voice from o'er the wailing sea—  
 A voice that smote her inmost soul with hopeless agony—  
 "The pearl of pearls, of priceless cost,  
 Is lost for ever, ever lost!"

At length she said, "The dream was false; I have the jewels yet:  
 I will not trust the hateful dream, but get the pearl reset;  
 And Roderick even will not know,  
 How great has been my secret woe."

But when the gem had fallen from the ring, she little thought  
 The storm that swept o'er Earth and Sea such fatal change had wrought;  
 That many a seaman bold and brave,  
 That night had found a watery grave!

That on the rocks of a far-off coast her sailor lover, he  
 As by a miracle was saved from the remorseless sea—  
 Though on his noble face and form  
 Were left sad relics of that storm.

For long and weary months he lay bow'd on a bed of pain,  
 That when he saw his own wan face, he knew it not again.  
 No wonder Myra, when they met,  
 Even seem'd Roderick to forget.

His voice alone she recognised: but she shrink, as if afraid  
 Of that voice from the grave of the Past, wherein such blighted hopes were laid;  
 And when his lips again she prest,  
 A thrill of anguish pierced her breast.

Paler each day she grew; she said, "What will he think of me?  
 I never meant to prove me false—O God, that this should be!  
 I feel such woe within, for I  
 Rather than wed him now would die.

"Yet can I tell him all the truth—the pearl of priceless cost  
 From heart and ring is past away for ever, ever lost.  
 O God forgive me, and bestow  
 Some antidote to soothe his woe!"

And so, with sorrowing heart, she told him all that she could tell:  
 She thought his love would change to hate; but not one harsh word fell.  
 Young Roderick's eyes beam'd strangely wild,  
 The strong man wept—a trembling child!

No stern reproach, no angry word: "How can I feel," said he,  
 "Aught else but love, unsullied love, for one so dear to me?  
 Though in this moment I feel driven  
 As one for evermore from Heaven.

"Ah Mira, we must part! I know it was a foolish thought,  
 That with ecstatic bliss my soul like rapturous music caught—  
 To think so poor a love as mine  
 Were worthy such a heart as thine.

"We part; but though a lonely bark upon a moonless sea,  
 In faith I'll cherish still thy name; my trust in God shall be,  
 That He, the King of kings, above,  
 Shall give you back the pearl of love:—

"That for each woe that I must feel a blessing thine may be;  
 That every sorrow of my life some joy shall win for thee.  
 Farewell! all Holy Angels bless,  
 And keep thy spirit sorrowless!"

They parted:—only two brief years passed o'er his aching heart,  
 Ere Heaven's its Angel Death sent down, to bid him hence depart—  
 He pass'd away with love as true  
 And pure as mortal ever knew.

She never found the pearl on Earth; but she was not bereft  
 Of those two glorious gems that still in heart and ring were left:—  
 Faith! Hope! ah, they were ever given,  
 And she has found the lost in Heaven!

## Songs for Music.

(It is intended from month to month, under this title, to publish suitable "Songs for Music." Applications from composers desiring to use the same, must be accompanied with a copy of their arrangements (not necessarily for publication), addressed to the Editor, "Musical Monthly" Office.)

## THE FROST FAIRY.

"Oh! look, father! look on the white window pane!  
 See, see you those flower-like pictures again?  
 Yes, this seems a garland of daisies to be,  
 And these like the fringed flowers we found by the sea.  
 Did the bright angels leave them, who watch'd round my bed,  
 Ere to Heaven they took up the few prayers that I said?  
 Oh! so beautiful are they, so soft, and so light,  
 I wonder how they could all come in a night!"

"My child, they are beautiful, and you should know,  
 Though kings could not make them, 'twas God made them so.  
 It matters not though the storm-winds shriek aloud,  
 And the snow-flakes fall fast from the dark drifting cloud;  
 There's One who looks lovingly down from above,  
 And the darkness and light are alike to His love;  
 And whilst you have slept through the wild wintry hours,  
 He sent the Frost Fairy to sprinkle these flowers."

## BIRD OF THE SUNNY SPRING.

BIRD of the sunny Spring,  
 Oh! thou art heralding  
 Moments that soon will bring  
 Roses loved well,  
 Violets and cowslips blow,  
 Blue-bells and fern leaves grow,  
 Where a short while ago  
 Icicles fell.

Up from the sunny dells  
 Comes the dear voice that tells  
 Tidings as sweet as bells  
 Chimed on God's day;  
 For when we hear thy strain,  
 Well, well we know again,  
 Past is chill Winter's reign,  
 Death, and decay!

Oh, that our hearts were stirr'd  
 More by thy tidings, bird,  
 Seeing how one wee word  
 Comforts the sad!  
 So that amidst the drear,  
 We too, dispelling fear,  
 Whisper'd a word of cheer,  
 Hearts making glad!

## THINGS OF COURSE.

ALONG the pleasant meadow path  
 I stroll at eventide,  
 While she looks from her summer-house,  
 That standeth close beside:—  
 We never made appointment yet,  
 But as a thing of course have met.

I know not how it came to pass,  
 Oft have I kiss'd her though:  
 I ask her not, she says not "Yes!"  
 But then she ne'er says "No!"  
 When lips to lips are fondly press'd,  
 We think it good, and let them rest.

The zephyr toyeth with the rose,  
 Its love for granted takes;  
 The rose imbibes the crystal dew,  
 And no petition makes:—  
 I love her, and she loveth me;  
 But neither whispers "I love thee!"

## LOVE LETTERS.

As snowdrops come to a wintry world like angels in the night,  
 And we see not the Hand who has sent us them, though they give us  
 a strange delight;  
 And strong as the dew to freshen the flower or quicken the slumber-  
 ing seed,  
 Are those little things called "letters of love" to hearts that comfort  
 need:

For alone in the world, 'midst toil and sin,  
 These still small voices wake music within.  
 They come, they come, these letters of love, blessing and being blest,  
 To silence fear with thoughts of cheer, that give to the weary rest!

A mother looks out on the angry sea with a yearning heart in vain;  
 And a father sits musing over the fire, as he heareth the wind and  
 the rain;  
 And a sister sits singing a favourite song, unsung for a long, long  
 while,  
 Till it brings the thought, with a tear to her eye, of a brother's van-  
 ish'd smile;  
 And with hearts and eyes more full than all,  
 Two lovers look forth for these blessings to fall;  
 And they come, they come, these letters of love, blessing and being  
 blest,

To silence fear with thoughts of cheer, that give to the weary rest!  
 Oh! never may we be so lonely in life, so ruin'd and lost to love,  
 That never an olive-branch comes to our ark of home from some  
 cherish'd dove;  
 And never may we, in happiest hours, or when our prayers ascend,  
 Feel that our hearts have grown too cold for a thought on an absent  
 friend;

For like summer rain to the fainting flowers,  
 They are stars to the heart in its darkest hours;  
 And they come, they come, these letters of love, blessing and being  
 blest,  
 To silence fear with thoughts of cheer, that give to the weary rest!

## THE VICTOR.

I knew she was blest above earth,  
 Too lowly, too holy for me;  
 I deem'd her too pure to be woo'd,  
 And I ween'd she would ever be free.

But a wooer drew nigh to the maid,—  
 He came at the set of the sun:  
 He was not so bashful as I,  
 So he loved her, and woo'd her, and won.

I know, if my bosom prove true,  
 That my sorrows will never be done  
 For there is a wooer call'd Death,  
 And he was the wooer that won!

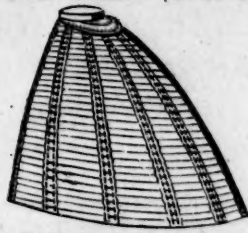


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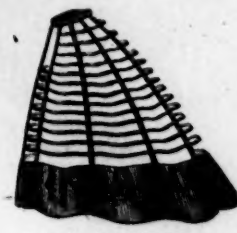
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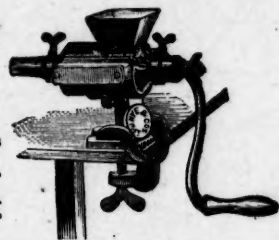
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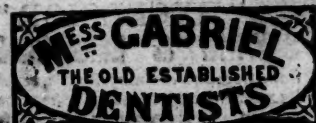
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